This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

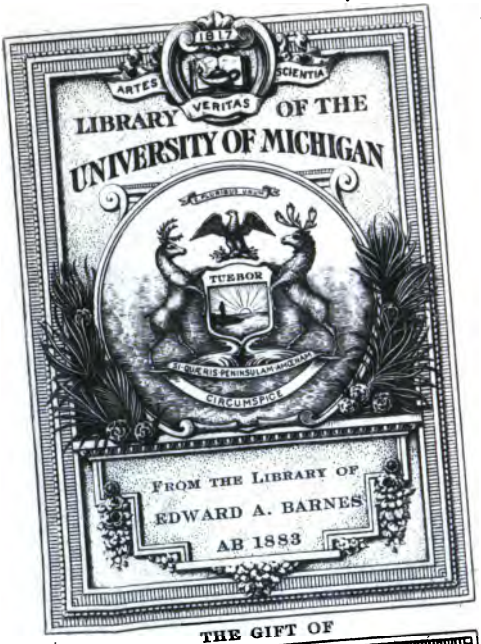
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THE GIFT OF

MRS. BARNARD PIERCE
MRS. CARL HAESSLER
MRS. HOWARD LUCE
MISS MARGARET KNIGHT

828
B9743c

Camões, Luiz de
Works. V. 6

CAMOENS.

THE LYRICKS.

PART II.

(*SONNETS, CANZONS, ODES, AND SEXTINES*)

ENGLISHED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

And imprinted for the Translator at London in October, 1884.

LONDON:
BERNARD QUARITCH,
15 PICCADILLY.
1884.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS,
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS,
LONDON, W.C.

CANZONS.

Library of E. A. Barnes
10-22-40
6 v.
add. cop.

11-18-40 MFP

CANZON I.

'Fermosa, e gentil Dama, quando vejo
(Of his young love).

I.

Beauteous and gentle Dame! whenso I see
That head of gold on snow, most lovely sight,
That gracious mouth with dainty dimple drest
And chrystal neck on bosom silvern-white,
For self I only crave one Crave of me,
Nor more of you than sight of so fair geste.
Then I myself protest
Yours before God and Man; there ever burn
By mine own tear-drops burnt;
And, loving you, I learn
Love for the Self that love of you hath learnt:
And Self by only Self so lost I view
In my self-jealousy for love of you.

II.

If I, peraunter, live in Discontent
And with enfeebled Spirit for-that bearing
Sweet pains I labour to intend in vain,
I fly my very self yet fly I faring
You-wards; and bide so blithe when gained my bent,
I mock the memories of my passèd pain.
Of whom shall I complain
If you to deal me life this wise elect
In sufferèd miseries,
Save I myself subjèct,
Myself which merits not so precious prize?
But this, e'en this, my own I may not call,
The pride-full pleasure to become your Thrall.

III.

An Love against you sin in wilful way
On side of low desires, that have for end
Some plan nefand, some villeiny indign;
If I to more than seeing, in fine, pretend;
These be the frails of Flesh, a thing of clay,
Not of the Spirit deathless and divine.
An so high Thought be mine
I soar beyond my sight, or sin I list,
My plea be sight I see:
But when I would resist
Desire so daring in her vanity,
I seek new powers in your presence pure
And self enarmour with your Formosure.

IV.

Of delicate Eyebrows drawn in darkling line
Love fashionèd the Bows that deal the blow,
And took for bowstring hanks of beauteous hair :
And, as all suited that in you doth show,
He made his shafts of rays that rained your eyne
Wherewith he smiteth all who sight them dare.
Eyne so supremely fair
With arms of vantage suchwise Amor arm
Wherewith to slay the Soul :
But if be great the harm
The hurt's high glory makes it sound and whole ;
And bin his murtherous arms of such a sort
One owes him dearest debt when all a-mort.

V.

Tears, sighs and singulfs, pensive reverie,
Whoso of these complaineth, lovely Dame !
Mimicks the misery he for you should feel.
Who loves you how can hold he loftier aim
Beyond outbreathing all his tormentry,
Weeping and feeding Thought with soft intent ?
Whoso lives uncontent
Must nowise seek relief of rueful case,
Nay ! he high vaunt should weet :
Let him with gladsome face
Suffer his woes that grow he Sorrow-meet :
Whoso complaineth suffering lover-woes
Plaineth because such glory he unknows.

VI.

Of mode that if, percas, the Fancy fall
In fleshly weakness, of her own Consent,
'Tis that such knowledge ne'er to me was known,
Therefore not only reasons I invent
For Love, I pardon all his pains withal;
Nay, more I thank him with my benison.
This Fay deserves be shown
What grace and favour to those eyne 'pertain,
And the douce Smile's dear prize:
But ah! that ne'er we gain
With gain of Paradise other Paradise;
And thus my sore perplexèd Esperance
Satisfies self with goods beyond her chance.

L'Envoi.

An I my remedy with reasonings plead,
Know thou, Canzon! 'tis for-that none I see,
And proffering words I 'guile appetency.

CANZON II.

A instabilidade de Fortuna
(Of Love and Luck).

I.

Of Fortune's stable Instability,
Of pleasant blindings by the god born blind,
(Pleasant an mote they but their length prolong)
Lief would I sing, some rest for life to find;
For as sore paining importuneth me,
Impòrtune all mankind mine irksome song,
And if the pleasant Past with present Wrong
In my frore bosom freeze my hardened strain;
Insanity so insane
Shall be the surest signal of my woe;
One slip in many slips may concert show:
Then, as I trust in Truths to heart I've tane
(An Truth to Ills I tell e'er condescend)
Let all the world Love's disillusion know;
Love who with Reason now is friend to friend
Lest sin of lover unchastisèd end.

II.

Yea, Love made laws and brake with me his law;
Yea, waxed he reasoning which whilere was blind,
Sole that Unreasons to my Soul he deal.
And if in any error Love I find,

Sense in sore dolence never yet I saw:
Nor Love sans error ever deals love-weal.
But that his fancy-freedom more I feel
He fand a feignèd cause eftsoon to slay me:
For thiswise low to lay me
In such abysmal depth of hellish woe,
My Thoughts did naught of outrecuidance know:
I sought no loftier height that mote betray me
Than what Love willèd; and if Love ordain
Be paid the Quit-claim I his daring owe,
Know all that Love who doth my sin arraign
My sin eke causèd and eke caused its pain.

III.

Those Eyne I worship, on the self-same day
When to my humbler Thoughts they deigned inclining,
Deep in my Spirit laid I reverent;
And then like Miser aye for more a-pining
My heart as choicest viand I gave away,
My heart to orders then obedient:
But as there present wot they all I meant
And of my longings aim and object knew,
Or for some other cue
My tongue discovered (shameless Thought to think!)
Dying of thirst-pangs by the River-brink
I sit and fruitage of my service view;
But high it towereth when to pluck I strain me;
And sink the waters when I stoop to drink:
Thus I in hunger and in thirst maintain me,
Nor Tantalus dreeth pains have overtane me.

IV.

When her, who liveth in my Soul ensoul'd,
My base audacity to win essay'd,
I won her only in the form of wile:
The cloud that ever my fixt Thought o'erlaid
Figured her in my arms to have and hold,
Dreaming of longings nurst in waking while.
And, as my longings still my heart would 'guile
And of so precious prize warm Hope reveal;
On Tantalus-pangs I feel,
Torments I suffer to a wheel fast bound,
With thousand changes whirling round and round:
Here sink I sudden when I rise to weal;
And as I win so lose I all confiding;
And so self-flying seek I self unfound;
And so a vengeance binds me, aye betiding
E'en as Ixion firm in change abiding.

V.

When the sweet human Vision unhumàne
My mortal Longings, holding shame in scorn,
Wooed and of what I did took scanty heed;
(For the blind Youngling of her Beauty born
Soon with the phrenzy of his madding cane
Punisht my sinful overdaring deed)
Beyond this suffering, my right-merited meed,
He sent me other torture to torment:
So never Thought intent,

From one part flitting unto other part,
Shall glut its greed upon this aching heart;
I feed in Fancy yet am famine-spent
And with more feeding more enfamisht grow,
Lest of my torments lose I aught of smart:
Thus live I only for my painful woe,
A second Tityus, and myself unknow.

VI.

With alien loves I robbed and wills o'erthrew
(Triumphs to crafty guiling arts I owèd)
My feigning bosom ever self maintain'd:
I 'guiled and lured them in so false a mode,
That, when my bidding could their souls subdue,
I slew my victims with the love I feign'd.
But soon the penalty which Right ordain'd
Love in his vengeance forced me feel my fill,—
Compelled me climb the hill
Of harshest treatment dealeth me your ire,
Weighted with rolling rock of long Desire,
That dasheth downwards from my height of Weal:
Again the seat desired I would attain;
Again I fail, in fine, of fight I tire.
Marvel not, Sisyphus! if so I strain
Perforce upclimbing slopes of pine and pain.

VII.

Thiswise my Summum Bonum offereth selt
To my an-hungered Longings, that I fell
The loss of losing so high boon the more:
E'en as the Miser when his dreams reveal

The treasure trove whereby he win him pelf,
Slaking his thirsty greed with golden ore;
Then waking hurries he the buried store
To dig, the wealthy mine his dream design'd:
But all he hopes to find
His fortune turneth into charrèd coal:
Then only greater greed invades his Soul,
Failing in dearest hopes of all his kind:
Love all my senses lost in similar guise;
For ghosts, which nightly make the Hades goal,
Had feared with less of fear the triste abyss,
Ne'er had they known the bliss of Paradise

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! no more: I n'ote what now to tell:
But that less dearly I pay my tormentrye
Command the Cryer cry what caused me die!

CANZON III.

Já a rôxa manham clara

(He sees his lover in the beauties of Nature).

I.

Now Morn the rosiest-bright
Hasted her Orient portals wide to ope;
And from the mountain's cope
Discoured the Darkness that oppresseth sight.
Sol, urging ceaseless flight,
Longing for fair Aurora's gladding face,
Following with fiery pace
(Borne by the Coursers travails try and tire,
And o'er the herbage dank cool dew respire)
Clear, joyful, luminous spreads him over space:
Birds with night-rested wing
From bough to bough in morning-joyaunce spring;
And with suave-sounding douce melodious lay
The approach of Day, Day's happy heraults, sing.

II.

The Morn, fresh, belle, amene,
Her brow unveiling, every holt and height
Robeth in verdant light,
Clear-tinted, soft, angelical, serene.
O the delicious teen!
O high effect of Love omnipotent!
Who deigneth his Consent

Whereso I lief would fare, or fain would stay,
Ne'er fade fro' sight of me that Seraph-ray
Wherefore I live content in drearìment.
But thou, Aurora pure!
For such high blessing bless thine Aventùre,
Which gave thee guerdon of so high effect,
To show reflected all that Formosure.

III.

The Light so sweet and live
Shows to these eyne her Light by whom I'm slain,
With locks, a golden skein,
No gold shall rival howsoe'er it strive.
This Light shall eath outdrive
The thick Obscure of sent and sentiment
By softest reveries shent:
These dew-drops, pearling delicatest flowers,
Bin of my wearied eyne the tear-full showers
I weep with joyaunce, when such woes torment:
The feathered songster's chaunt
Is but my spirit making long descànt
And still proclaiming the geste peregrine
With sounds divine that worlds in wonder haunt.

IV.

E'en as occurs to those
Soon to see Night o'erdark their dearest Days,
Before the dying gaze
Some saintly Vision comes its charm disclose:
'Tis so to me who lose
This life, my Ladye: which be you alone:
This sprite that hath her Wone

In you (the while from prison forth she flies)
Beholds your Beauties showing all the dyes
Of fair Aurora, fairer, rosier grown.
O happy parting-pain!
O high-exalted Glory sovereign!
If my desire endarken not the light;
For what, in fine, I sight gives life again.

V.

But my force natural
Which on this purest vision self maintainèd,
Fails me with ease unfeignèd,
As Suns are fain to fail this earthen ball.
If want of strength you call
Dying in this so tristful, painful plight,
The blame to Love be dight
Or to yourself where fares he whole of heart,
Who in such long-drawn Severance garred me part,
That Life by cark and care may fly the light.
For an my Life atone,
A thing of matter, only flesh and bone,
This Life I lose Love did to me consign;
Yet I'm not mine: if slain the sin's your own.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon of Cygnet, sung in hour extreme!
On the hard grave and cold
Of Memory, thee I leave commùne to hold
With fittest Scripture for my sepultùre:
For now the òbscure shades my Day enfold.

CANZON IV.

Vaõ as serenas agoas.
(Of his Lover in Coimbra.)

I.

The gentle waters flow
Mondego-dale down-flowing,
Nor rest soft railing till with brine they blend :
There 'twas began to grow,
Little by little growing,
My woes beginning never more to end.
There first my vision kenn'd
In this amenest scene,
Where holds me Death in hold,
That brow, snow gilt wi' gold ;
Sweet pleasant laughlet, glance of eyes serene,
Geste of so delicate grace
That in my Spirit limned shall aye hold place.

II.

In this enflowerèd land,
Gladsome, fresh-aired, serene,
Glad and content for self lived I alwày ;
Peace in my war I fand,
Aye boastful of the teen
Dealt me by many eyes of radiant ray.
From one to other day

Hope told her tale oft-told:
Long was the syne I spent;
Life was all jolliment
For that it joyèd one such Weal to hold.
But now what can it 'vail
When of those lovely orbs 'tis forced to fail?

III.

Ah, who me there had said
Of love so high-profound
I mote at any hour behold the fine?
And who could e'er persuade
I mote fro' you be severed, Ladye mine?
That from such time I tyne
All boon of Esperance;
And see the fond vain Thought
In moment brought to nought,
Nor leave me anything save Sovenance:
But this shall aye be true
Till parting breath to Life shall breathe adieu.

IV.

Yet now the greatest Weal
I bear where'er I wone,
Wherewith to ward me in my sad decline,
Is that I ne'er could feel,
What time I was your own.
Your love could measured be with love of mine.
For the fere pain and pine

Our parting had in store,
To you the pang shall spare
My Sprite was doomed to bear:
For your least suffering I should suffer more
Than aught my soul hath shent.—
Let me, my Ladye! die, live you content.

L'ENVOI.

Thou, Canzon! shalt be fain
To fare in companye
With these clear waters through the meadows welling;
And shalt for me remain
A cry, a sob, a sigh;
That to the World such tale of sorrow telling,
(A tale so large, so long)
My tears memorious shall enbalm my song.

CANZON V.

Se este meu pensamento
(Of her beauty and of his torments).

I.

Could this my fond Intent,
E'en as 'tis sweet and suave,
Outspeak my spirit shaping self in cries;
Showing what Ills torment
So cruel, asperous, grave,
To yours, my Ladye! not to other eyes;
Haply it mote some wise
Your bosom stony-dure
To ruth and blandness bend:
Then I my ways who wend,
A lonely sparrow humble and obscure,
Turnèd to Swan snow-pure,
With song canorous cleaving upper air,
In accents manifest
Would paint my pining and your precious geste.

II.

Would paint those glorious eyne
Which in their babes enhold
The Boy whose eyne are blinded by their rays;
The locks of gilded Shine
Tressèd with purest gold
Whereto declineth Sol his dimmèd blaze;

The head that aye arrays
Nature with choicest shows:
The well-proportionèd
Nostrils clean-cut, high-bred,
Fine as the leafage of the freshest rose;
The lips so gracious
Perforce we praise though Praise for pardon pled;
In fine, it is a hoard;
Pearls are the teeth and golden every word.

III.

Right clear in you were seen
(O Dame right delicate!)
How proudly Nature rose to pride of place:
But I from scene to scene
Was doomèd to translate
Into my torture your all-gentle gracé:
Only what dour dure case
Conditionèd your Unruth
Ladye! my heart must hide,
Lest be in you descried
A "Would-'twere-not" which perfect gifts undo'th.
And if one ask, forsooth,
"Why art thou done to Death?" I had replied:
"I die because so fair
Is she, I feel unfit to die for her."

IV.

And if, peraventure,
Madàme! my words offend you,

Of you inditing things unfelt by Sent;
And if your formosure
Earthward so condescend you,
Stooping to conquer man's Intendiment;
On such a base had leant
Whatever song I sing,
Of purest Love the lays;
That so display your praise
A heart transfigured by long suffering.
And where men judgment bring
Of Cause by caused Effects, my sore distress
There would declare sans fear:
Shall see my provenance whoso lendeth ear.

V.

Rathe would I then display
Eyes full of yearning woe,
And sighs that draw with them my very Sprite;
Gaiety feigning gay;
Steps melancholy slow;
Speech that forgetteth speech as soon as dight:
With self a constant fight,
Then for a pardon plead;
A fear when falsing brave;
A search for weal I crave;
And of not finding it a coward dread;
And learn in final stead
That all the fine for which with speech I strave,
Are tears and passion-pine,
Are fancy-freedom yours and dolours mine.

VI.

But, Dame! who shall compare,
Whate'er his words express,
Your doucest beauty with my bitter pain:
And in sweet song declare
That boast of highest stress
Love in my spirit deignèd to ordain?
Such force hath not the vain
Power of human Wit
So heavy weight to endure,
Unless their aid assure
A glance of pity, some sweet counterfeit,
Which would convert defeat
Into delight, and temper Care with Cure,
In fine, would turn despite
To gust of praises in your name indite.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! say thou no more, and if thy verse
Feebly thy pain express,
Ask they no more or haply shalt say less.

CANZON VI.

Com força desusada

(Autobiographical: written at Goa? Ternate? Banda?—Some Oriental Island belonging to Portugal).

I.

With furious force seld-shown
Scorcheth Sol's fire eterne
An Islet couchèd far i 'th' Eastern Main,
Of stranger wights the wone,
Where Hiems grisly-stern
Gladly regreeneth all the brumal plain.
There men of Lusus' strain,
With blades a-thirst for blood,
Seigniory hold supreme:
Girt by a sea-like stream
That ever ebbs and flows with Ocean's flood,
What growth of herbs it breedeth
The kine conjointly and man's eyne full feedeth.

II.

Here 'twas mine Aventûre
Willèd the greater part
Of life I pass, a life no life of mine;
E'en that my sepulture,
In hands of horrid Mart,
With marquetry of blood and memory shine.

An Love had such design
That, this my life instead,
Some memory of me,
Survive, some history
Mote by some beauteous Eyne be fondly read;
My life, my joy, my luck
For so sweet memory lief I'd give in truck.

III.

But this my waking dream
Was by hard Fate design'd
But to mislead and falsing Hopes confound.
Now cease my thoughts to deem
That I in Death shall find
What in so long a Life I never found.
Now lost is every ground
Of my firm confidence,
So lost that desperate,
Seeing my sad estate
Even of Death I forfeit esperance.
But O! would Fortune give
Gift of Despair true life some day I'd live!

IV.

Naught of what sights I saw
Can now compel me cower,
Since of Despair protection I forwent,
Came other cause to adaw;
For ne'er had I the power
To light these flames that keep me ever brent.

If deem they I resent
Doubts of forgetfulness,
O would my parlous plight
Such wise befriend my sprite,
Leaving some terror on my thoughts to press!
Whoe'er hath seen such snare
That Esperance there survive nor fear her care?

V.

Who hath what he may tyne
He only Fear can feel;
But triste the mortal who can tyne no more!
Your fault 'tis, Ladye mine!
That my poor life to kill
One hour sufficeth of your sight forlore.
You doomed me to deplore
Hope and her false annoy:
And what doth more appal me
Ne'er did such worth befall me
I could such joyaunce find to find you coy.
A worth so mean, so slight
Can never merit pain of such delight.

VI.

With me was Love so fain,
So bland or scantly stirrèd,
As now I know him to my detriment.
No penalty bears more pain
For one who knows he errèd
Than to deny him merited chastisement.

Happeth such accident
To wretch on bed of death
When, in Despair of him,
Humours his every whim
The Leech, who granteth all he passioneth :
So granted Love my prayer—
Hope, and desire, and heart to greatly dare.

VII.

And now I come to give
'Compt of my passèd weal
To this long life-tide, Severance so immense.
Whose Fancy could conceive
My fault was so unleal
That it deservèd so grave penitence?
Look if your conscience
Allow that lache so light
Dame! pay so painful fee.
Look is 't not usury?
But an so long sad exile to me dight
To you give aught Content,
Ne'er end its tortures which this heart torment.

VIII.

River! so pure, so fair,
And you O palmy trees!
Wont for the worthy Conqueror weave a crown,
And which to boor avare,
Pleasing all while to please,
Yield divers fruitage single bole hath grown;

So ne'er to you be known
Time's all-injurious blight;
Safe in your shelter dwell
The yearnings here I tell,
Long as Sol lendeth Lune the boon of light;
That man teach brother-man
How 'tis that Severance shorts not Life's short span.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! This banishment shall lend thee life,
Rude voice, Truth's naked bruit,
Till Time to Echo shall thy tones permute.

CANZON VII.

Mandame Amor que cante docemente
(How his love began).

I.

Love bids I sing in song of sweetest strain
What hath imprest his influence on my Soul,
Prejudging thiswise solace might be sent me;
And, that I find Contentment bred of bane,
Saith He when eyes so fair my spirit stole,
Singing such fortune should by rights content me.
This excellent mode of snares to circumvent me
I might have counted Love's debt-interest,
Had he not changed behest,
Repenting, and by tortures darked my wits:
Yet dare I doughtier flight,
Holpen by Beauty of whose charms I write:
And if my theme be higher than me befits,
My Bel Vezers I hail
Whose might exceeds Love's force to gar me fail.

II.

Unknowing Love I wont in freedom fare,
Spurning his bended bow and great beguiling,
When Life maintainèd was by wiles alone.
A Love all-guiling, which but feigned to snare
A thousand alien Wills for greater wiling,

Caused me to scoff at hearts by guiles o'erthrown.
Sol trod in Taurus, Prognè home had flown
And Flora wreathèd Achelous' horn;
When Love one Easter-morn
Loosèd those ribbèd locks of thridded gold
To the sweet Winds' coy play;
Those Eyne out-scintillating lively ray;
And seed of Roses sown on snowy mould;
With smile so gallant-bright
That e'en a Diamant-corslet mote undight.

III.

Some Sweet (I know not what the Sweet) respiring
I thrilled with novel admirable fear,
For felt a Feeling things no feeling know:
There garrulous birds, loud praises ever choiring,
Showed in their singing fire not ordinaire,
Burning, as my desires, wi' living lowe.
Forgot the chrystal founts to spring and flow
Flamed by the vision of that pure fair sight.
With bloom the Greenth was bright
Where past she touching Earth wi' her feet divine;
The boughs obedient bow'd,
Or jealousing the shrubs whereon she trod,
Or for-that all things bowed before her shrine.
In fine no entity
But what at her much marvelled, I at me.

IV.

For when I viewed thro' her intelligent grew
Intelligence-less things, I felt a-fright

To think what action mote for me be plann'd.
My lack of knowledge now I truly knew:
Here only knowing, for Love left me sight
Enow to see what power he held in hand.
Then Love such vengeance 'gan fro' me demand
He changed my human nature till 'twas grown
Hard as the cliffy stone
And hilly harshness past into my breast.
O Difference passing strange,
That senseless Mountain's being so could change
To one who human judgment erst possesst!
Look ye how sweet a cross,
Gain you a general profit fro' my loss!

V.

This wise a-losing every sentiment
My rational Part, I felt a sore affray
To see mere Appetite my wits subdue.
But, in my Soul, extreme intendiment
For so sublimest Cause, would ever say,
'Twere well that Reason Reason overthrew.
Thus when I saw her vanishing my view
The loss of Reason Reason did restore;
And in sweet Peace galore
Both in one subject dwelt with foe elect.
O the rare unity!
Who will not judge most high and heavenly
That Cause whence cometh so unused Effect,
Which so a heart can season
Transmewing Appetite to shape of Reason?

VI.

Here sensed I Love his finest art display,
As saw I Sense insense the insensible,
And saw I self myself's perdition prove;
And sensed, in fine, my Nature self denay:
Therewith I learnèd all was possible
To her fair Eyne save only boon of Love.
But when with fastly failing sense I strove
In lieu of senses that had taken flight,
One ne'er I knew did write
Upon my soul, with writ of Memory,
Most of my by-gone quest,
Jointly impressèd with that dearest geste,
The cause which causèd so long history.
An I have truth related
Writ it not I, I but from Soul translated.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! who haply read
Ne'er heed he what thou sayst of those fair Eyne,
For what thou hidst unconn'd;
Our human Senses (this wise him respond)
May not in judgment sit on things divine,
Save by a Thought intense
When Faith enforceth frail intelligence.

CANZON VIII.

Mandame Amor que cante o que a Alma sente,
(F. y S. makes this the first draught of No. 7).

I.

Love bids I sing my Spirit's sense and sent,
Case heretofore unsung by Poet's song,
Nor ever happenèd in mortal view.
This wise he partly pays me for my wrong;
For in self-praise he would I represent
How well to lose me in the World I knew,
I am his Partner, none will deem me true:
Yet such my pleasure is to approve and praise me,
And by such praise upraise me,
As captive captured by that lovely Sight,
That all impediment
The glory of my griefs hath shent and rent,
Griefs charged with peregrine and suave delight;
My song, I see full lief,
Shall more of marvel win and less belief.

II.

I lived exempt from lace of blindfold Love,
Yet so to prison-life did I aspire,
It bred a loathing for my liberty.
My natural Longings lit for me the fire

Of some sweet Hope in happy thought inwove,
That mote for madding Youth win high degree.
The Year returnèd to his infancy
And Earth re-donned her raiment glad and gay,
When Amor deigned display
The loosèd tresses of the thriddèd gold
On Summer's breath to stream;
Those Eyne outscintillating lively beam,
The seed of Roses sown on snowy mould;
The mien so grave, so glad
That bade me jointly hope and bide y-drad.

III.

Some Sweet (I weet not what the Sweet) respiring,
I thrilled with novel admirable fear,
For e'en unfeeling beings felt the spell:
There garrulous Birds, loud praises ever choiring,
With song disordered and in shrillings rare
Were fired with like desires my soul did quell:
Forgot the chrystal Founts to spring and well
Flamed by the vision of that pure fair sight.
With bloom the Greenth was bright
Where past she pressing with those blessed feet.
The Boughs obedient bow'd,
Or jealousing the shrubs whereon she trod,
Or for-that all things bowed her sight to greet;
And Day and Air and Wind
She quicked with spirits of continuous kind.

IV.

And when I saw thro' her intelligent grew
Things unintelligent, whispered Phantasy

What marvels she might show the intelligent mind.
Fro' my own law I saw her set me free,
Deprived of every sentiment I knew,
And Life transformed to Life of other kind.
She came with Love's almighty might to bind
My sense and all its uses to bereave.
I weet not how Love gave,
'Gainst power of Nature and her use and ure,
E'en to the trees, the mounts,
Roughness of hairy herbs and flushing founts,
That owned the presence of a sight so pure:
Alone remained I shrunk
By power of marvel to a rough rude trunk.

V.

After my spirit lost all sentiment
Of human, one Desire would not depart,
But all my Reason it-ward overbore.
Then One (I know him not) affirmed my heart
That for such lofty thought, so dulce intent
'Twas reason Reason be fro' me forlore:
Thus as I saw my Reason lost the more,
By that same loss I gainèd gainfullest gain.
In such sweet peace the twain
Both in one subject dwelt with foe elect.
O Case most strange and new!
For high and great I prove to mental view
The cause, whence cometh so sublime effect,
Which so a heart can season
That reasonless Desire take rank as Reason.

VI.

After I yielded to appetency,
Or into longings of my flesh nigh changèd,
Sylvestran, solitary, unhumàne,
I fared so fain to see myself estrangèd
That seemed me all things, whatso I could see,
Might claim a pardon save my loss and bane.
Draining this honeyed draught of snaring strain
In lieu of senses lost and aye forsped,
I saw Love-sculpturèd
Deep in my soul a noble Shape most fair;
Grave wit withouten guile,
Gentleness, graceful geste and gracious smile;
And, as such gifts could not contain in her,
Goods, in such endless store,
Convert to singing from my lips outpour.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! if thee they doubt
What of that clearest Geste thou dost design,
For what thou hidest unconn'd;
Our human senses (thus to them respond)
May not in judgment sit on things divine,
Save by a Thought intense
When Faith enforceth frail intelligence.

CANZON IX.

Tomey a triste pena
(Letter to a Lady).

I.

I took sad pains, whilòme
A prey to my despair,
Of praying you note what pains I undergo;
Seeing how me you doom
Ever the blame to bear
For wrongs you wrought me and for debts I owe.
Yet own I that I know
In part a cause I gave
To whatso Ills I sight,
For my Desire in plight
I pledged to promises of words so brave;
But ne'er could I suspect
You nurst intention of such ill effect.

II.

An your forgetfulness
Doom me for aye to pine,
As show the signals you are wont to shòw;
In this live torture-stress
All memories I resign
Save what this Reason teach you to bestow;

Look! you so deal me Woe
Treating me day by day
With your cold dalliance;
The while vain Esperance,
Wherein I vainly deemed my riches lay,
Memories must e'er renew,
Since to such memories all my gloire is due.

III.

And would you now agnize
This truth as truth more pure
Than Gold that glittereth in Araby;
E'en willed you otherwise,
This doom so dour and dure
Would change to soft by easiest degree.
I, who mine innocence see
Ladye! in this my case,
Lief to an arbiter
For sentence would refer
Who should the justest cause of Justice trace;
Did he, in fine, not dread
You for my death and me for you do dead.

IV.

Writ in your lot I viewèd
A harsh enhardened sprite,
And writ in Soul of him you gar to live;
And there for aye renewèd,
Even with more despight,
What sad deceptions aye did undeceive;

For ere fro' me you reave
The pains of sent and sense
'Gainst Ills I underwent
Enlists Intendiment
Two doughty Kempès armed for my defence,
With gems of richest ray,
A light to lend me and to lead my way.

V.

'Companied by these Squires
At post I 'wait sans fear
Whatever fatal Destiny ordain :
Yet, gi'en my spirit tires
At some time, far or near,
I may from pain of paining self unpain :
And e'en if Destiny deign
(This bestest Hope I store)
Doom me to pains more dread;
With fears all banishèd
The more they come the less I'll cry "No more"!
In fine such force have I
Nothing shall change me though the Death I die.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! if now thou nill
Believe such dire Unruth,
Fare thee and there thou shalt behold my truth.

CANZON X.

Junto de hum seco, duro, esteril monte,

(Autobiographical).

I.

Hard by a sunparcht, dure, esterile Mount—
A treeless, bald-head, shapeless nuditye—
By Nature hated and of kind unkind,
Where beast ne'er dens, whereo'er no birds may fly,
Nor pearleth chrystall rill nor bubbleth fount,
Nor palm-frond sweetly rustleth in the wind;
Whose name the Many-headed have design'd
"Felix"—an unfelicitous antiphrase—
By Nature's quaint decree
Situate near the site
Where stand departed by the deep Sea-bight
Abassian shores from asperous Araby,
And Berenicè rose in olden days,
Upon the Western brink
Where Suns enfiring Earth beneath her sink:

II.

The Cape is sighted, from whose head is view'd
That Africk shore which trends from Austral bound
And makes a boundary "Aromatick" clept:
"Aròmata" whilere; but whirling round
The wheel, an ill-composèd jargon rude
Of its own Blackmoors other title gave.
Here, in this Sea that loves with hasty wave

Through gorge and gullet e'er to rush and race,
Led me and held me unlief,
My hard-heart Aventùre.
Here in this seld-seen, salvage, asperous, dure
Part of the World she willèd Life so brief
E'en of its little leave a little space;
So might the Life I led
In shattered pieces o'er the World be spread.

III.

Here woned I wasting days in darkling Ill,
Woeful, enforcèd, evil, solitaire,
Wi' toil and travail filled and ires and woes:
Not having only (no!) to me contràyr
Sea-life, sun-scorching, waters raw and chill
And ugly climate's gross and gravid air,
But eke my Thoughts, the wanderer's primest snare
That mocks the very nature of his mind,
'Gainst me I saw in strife;
To Memory's ken they bore
Some dream of fleeting short-lived, by-gone gloire
The World had shown me when I lived my life;
Only to double Ills wherewith I pined;
Only to prove there be
For man full many an hour of gree and glee.

IV.

Here with such thankless Thoughts did I remain
Wasting my time and life; while to such height
On Fancy's wing they flew, then failed and fell
(O, look ye could such fall for me be light!)

Down, down fro' visioned bliss and dreamery vain
To Wanhope never sighting day of Joy.
Imagination turnèd here to annoy
And improvisèd yammer, sob and sigh
That tare the echoing air.
Here my Soul prison-hent
Saw her quick fleshly Casing torn and rent
By dolours girded, driven to despair;
A butt exposed to dread artillerye
Of Fortune's proud misboon,
Pride-full, inexorable, importune.

V.

Nowheres had I to lodge, nowheres to lie,
Nor aught of Esperance where my weary head
Might rest a moment and enjoy repose:
All was one sorrow, all things suffering bred,
Yet not to do me dead (no!) but to aby
Untamèd Destiny's will and chosen ill.
Oh! how this seething Sea with groans I still!
These Winds, my wearied accents vex and tire,
Would seem their wrath t' inrein:
Only the Heavens severe,
Planets and Fate and Fortune ever fere,
Of my perpetual losses gat their gain;
Proving them potent, wreaking all their ire
On Atomy terrene,
An earth-born, earth-bred Worm, so wee, so mean.

VI.

An from such Labours could my lot befall
To learn for certain that at any hour

Remembered me those lovely Eyes erst seen ;
And if these mournful words I here outpour
Could reach and touch those ears angelical
Of Her whose sight my light of Life hath been ;
Who turning somewhat on herself my teen
And in her Mind revolving, with all haste,
The times, that now are naught,
Of my douce erring ways,
Of my sweet evils, and the stormy days
For her I suffered and for her I sought,
And (albe late) if by some pity graced
Some touch of ruth she'd own
And self condemn that had o'erharshness shown :

VII.

This could I only know forsure, I'd feel
A Something restful 'waits remaining life,
To soothe my sufferings and to glad my woe.
Ah Ladye ! Ah Ladye ! in what riches rife
Are you ? that here ferforth from every Weal
By mere sweet feigning sustenance you bestow !
Attonce, when Fancy deigns your shape to show,
Fly all my pitiful toils, flies all my pain,
Only remembering you
I fare with strength secure
And e'en Death's stoniest stare I dare endure ;
And Hopes around me gathering hope renew,
Whereby my bended brow, made smooth and fain,
Makes grief, however grave,
Melt into yearning reveries soft and suave.

VIII.

Here ask I (with my soul such thoughts obeying)
Of love-born breezes breathing low their sighs,
Ladye! what news fro' where you bide they bore;
Of birds, thence winging; you did they espy?
How fare you, Fairest? what your lips were saying?
Whence? How? Wi' whom? What was the day,
the hour?
There my tired Life-tide bettereth of its stowre,
Taking new spirits bravelier to warray
Fortune with toil and grieving,
Only once more to view you
Only once more to serve you and to lo'e you.
Time saith he all will end wi' single cleaving:
Yet the fond longing Love, who long delay
Ne'er suffereth, shows him bent
Old wounds to open and anew torment.
L'ENVOI.
Thus live I; and if any ask of thee
Canzon! why nill I die?
Thou mayst reply him "'Tis because I die!"

CANZON XI.

Vinde cá meu taõ certo Secretario
(Autobiographical, No. 2).

I.

Come here ! my confidential Secretary
Of the complaints in which my days are rife,
PAPER,—whereon I gar my griefs o'erflow.
Tell we, we twain, Unreasons which in life
Deal me inexorable, contrary
Destinies surd to prayer and tearful woe.
Dash we some water-drops on muchel lowe,
Fire we with outcries storm of rage so rare
That shall be strange to mortal memory.
Such misery tell we
To God and Man and eke, in fine, to air
Whereto so many times did I confide
My tale and vainly told as now I tell;
But e'en as error was my birthtide-lot,
That this be one of many doubt I not.
And as to hit the butt so far I fail
E'en if I sinnèd here cease they to chide:
Within mine only Refuge will I 'bide
To speak and faultless sin with free intent.
Sad he so scanty mercies must content!

II.

Long I've unlearnt me that complaint of dole
Brings cure of dolours; but a wight in pain
To greet is forcèd an the grief be great.
I *will* outgreet; but weak my voice and vain
To express the sorrows which oppress my soul;
For nor with greeting shall my dole abate.
Who then shall grant me, to relieve my weight
Of sorrow, flowing tears and infinite sighs
Equal those miseries my Sprite o'erpower?
But who at any hour
Can measure miseries with his tears or cries?
I'll tell, in fine, the lore for me design'd
By wrath and woe and all their sovenance;
For other dole hath qualities harder, sterner.
Draw near and hear me each despairing Learner!
And fly the many fed on Esperance
Or wights who fancy Hope will prove her kind;
For Love and Fortune willed, with single mind,
To leave them hopeful, so they comprehend
What measure of unweal in hand they hend.

III.

When fro' man's primal grave, the mother's womb,
New eyes on earth I oped, my hapless star
To mar my Fortunes 'gan his will enforce;
And freedom (Free-will given me) to debar:

I learnt a thousand times it was my doom
To know the Better and to work the Worse :
Then with conforming tormentize to curse
My course of coming years, when cast I round
A boyish eye-glance with a gentle zest,
It was my Star's behest
A Boy born blind should deal me life-long wound.
Infantine tear-drops wellèd out the deep
With vague enamoured longings, nameless pine :
My wailing accents fro' my cradle-stound
Already sounded me love-sighing sound.
Thus age and destiny had like design :
For when, peraunter, rocking me to sleep
They sung me Love-songs wherein lovers weep,
Attonce by Nature's will asleep I fell,
So Melancholy witcht me with her spell !

IV.

My nurse some Feral was ; fate nilled approve
By any Woman such a name be tane
Who gave me breast ; nor seemed it suitable.
Thus was I suckled that my lips indrain
E'en fro' my childhood venom-draught of Love,
Whereof in later years I drained my fill,
Till by long custom failed the draught to kill.
Then an Ideal semblance struck my glance
Of that fere Human deckt with charms in foyson,
Sweet with the suavest poyson,
Who nourisht me with paps of Esperance ;
Till later saw mine eyes the original,

Which of my wildest, maddest appetite
Makes sinful error sovran and superb.
Meseems as human form it came disturb,
But scintillating Spirit's divinest light.
So graceful gait, such port imperial
Were hers, unweal vainglory'd self to weal
When in her sight, whose lively sheen and shade
Exceeded aught and all things Nature made.

V.

What new unkindly kind of human pain
Had Love not only doled for me to dree
But eke on me was wholly execute?
Implacable harshness cooling fervency
Of Love-desire (thought's very might and main)
Drave me far distant fro' my settled suit,
Vext and self-shamed to sight its own pursuit.
Hence sombre shades phantastick born and bred
Of trifles promising rashest Esperance;
While boons of happy chance
Were likewise feignèd and enfigurèd.
But her despisal wrought me such dismay
That made my Fancy phrenesy-ward incline,
Turning to disconcèrt the guiling lure.
Here mine 'twas to divine, and hold for sure,
That all was truest Truth I could divine;
And straightway all I said in shame to unsay;
To see whatso I saw in còntrayr way;
In fine, just Reasons seek for jealousy
Yet were the Unreasons eather far to see.

VI.

I know not how she knew that fared she stealing
With Eyën-rays mine inner man which flew
Her-ward with subtlest passage through the eyne
Little by little all fro' me she drew,
E'en as from rain-wet canopy, exhaling
The subtle humours, sucks the hot sunshine.
The pure transparent geste and mien, in fine,
Wherefore inadequate were and lacking sense
"Beauteous" and "Belle" were words withouten weight;
The soft, compassionate
Eye-glance that held the Spirit in suspense,
Such were the magick herbs the Heavens all-wise
Drave me a draught to drain, and for long years
To other Being my shape and form transmew'd;
And this transforming with such joy I view'd
That e'en my sorrows snared I with its snares;
And, like the doomèd man, I veiled mine eyes
To hide an evil crescive in such guise;
Like one caressèd and on flattery fed
Of Love for whom his being was born and bred.

VII.

Then who mine absent Life hath power to paint
Wi' discontent of all I bore in view;
That Bide, so far from where she had her Bide,
Speaking, which even what I spake unknew,
Wending, withal unseeing where I went,
And sighing weetless for what cause I sigh'd?
Then, as those torments last endurance tried,

That dreadful dolour which from Tartarus' waves
Shot up on earth and racketh more than all,
Wherefrom shall oft befall
It turn to gentle yearning rage that raves?
Then with repine-full fury fever-high,
Wishing yet wishing not for Love's surceàse;
Shifting to other side for vengeänce,
Desires deprivèd of their esperance,
What now could ever change such ills as these?
Then the fond yearnings for the things gone by,
Pure torment sweet in bitter faculty,
Which from these fiery furies could distil
Sweet tears of Love with pine the soul to thrill?

VIII.

For what excuses lone with self I sought,
When my suave Love forfended me to find
Fault in the Thing belovèd and so lovèd?
Such were the feignèd cures that forged my mind
In fear of torments that for ever taught
Life to support itself by snares approvèd.
Thus through a goodly part of Life I rovèd,
Wherein if ever joyed I aught content
Short-lived, immodest, flaw-full, without heed,
'Twas nothing save the seed
That bare me bitter tortures long unspent.
This course continuous dooming to distress,
These wandering steps that strayed o'er every road
So wrought, they quencht for me the flamy thirst

I suffered grow in Sprite, in Soul I nurst
With Thoughts enamoured for my daily food,
Whereby was fed my Nature's tenderness :
And this by habit's long and asperous stress,
Which might of mortals never mote resist,
Was turned to pleasure-taste of being triste.

IX.

Thus fared I Life with other interchanging;
I no, but Destiny showing fere unlove ;
Yet even thus for other ne'er I'd change.
Me from my dear-loved patrial nide she drove
Over the broad and boisterous Ocean ranging,
Where Life so often saw her èxtreme range.
Now tempting rages rare and missiles strange
Of Mart, she willèd that my eyes should see
And hands should touch, the bitter fruit he dight :
That on this Shield they sight
In painted semblance fire of enemy.
Then ferforth driven, vagrant, peregrine,
Seeing strange nations, customs, tongues, costumes;
Various heavens, qualities different,
Only to follow, passing-diligent
Thee, giglet Fortune ! whose fierce will consumes
Man's age upbuilding aye before his eyne
A Hope with semblance of the diamond's shine :
But, when it falleth out of hand we know,
'Twas fragile glass that showed so glorious show.

X.

Failed me the ruth of man, and I descried
Friends to unfriendly changèd and contràyr,
In my first peril; and I lackèd ground,
Whelmed by the second, where my feet could fare;
Air for my breathing was my lot denied,
Time failed me, in fine, and failed me Life's dull round.
What darkling secret, mystery profound
This birth to Life, while life is doomed withhold
Whate'er the world contain for Life to use!
Yet never Life to lose
Though 'twas already lost times manifold!
In brief my Fortune could no horror make,
Ne certain danger ne ancipitous case
(Injustice dealt by men, whom wild-confused
Misrule, that rights of olden days abused,
O'er neighbour-men upraised to power and place!)
I bore not, lashèd to the sturdy stake,
Of my long-suffering, which my heart would break
With importuning persecuting harms
Dasht to a thousand bits by forceful arms.

XI.

Number I not so numerous ills as He
Who, 'scaped the wuthering wind and furious flood,
In happy harbour tells his travel-tale:
Yet now, e'en now, my Fortune's wavering mood
To so much misery obligeth me

That e'en to pace one forward pace I quail:
No more shirk I what evils may assail;
No more to falsing welfare I pretend;
For human cunning naught can gar me gain.
In fine on sovran Strain
Of Providence divine I now depend:
This thought, this prospect 'tis at times I greet
My sole consoler for dead hopes and fears.
But human weakness when its eyne alight
Upon the things that fleet, and can but sight
The sadding Memories of the long-past years;
What bread such times I break, what drink I drain,
Are bitter tear-floods I can ne'er refrain,
Save by upbuilding castles based on air,
Phantastick painture fair and false as fair.

XII.

For an it possible were that Time and Tide
Could bend them backward and, like Memory, view
The faded footprints of Life's earlier day;
And, web of olden story weaving new,
In sweetest error could my footsteps guide
'Mid bloom of flowers where wont my youth to stray;
Then would the memories of the long sad way
Deal me a larger store of Life-content;
Viewing fair converse and glad company,
Where this and other key
She held for opening hearts to new intent;—
The fields, the frequent stroll, the lovely show,
The view, the snow, the rose, the formosure,

The soft and gracious mien so gravely gay,
The singular friendship casting clean away
All villein longings, earthy and impure,
As One whose Other I can never see ;—
Ah, vain, vain memories ! whither lead ye me
With this weak heart, that still must toil and tire
To tame (as tame it should) your vain Desire ?

L'ENVOI.

No more, Canzon ! no more ; for I could prate
Sans compt a thousand years ; and if befall
Blame to thine over-large and long-drawn strain
We ne'er shall see (assure who blames) contain
An Ocean's water packt in vase so small.
Nor sing I delicate lines in softest tone
For gust of praise ; my song to man makes known
Pure Truth wherewith mine own Experience teems,
Would God they were the stuff that builds our Dreams !

CANZON XII.

Nem roxa flor de Abril,
(Her fresh young beauty compared with the Planets).

I.

Red Rose in April-reign
Painter of smiling field and coverture,
'Mid other thousand tane,
Ne'er was so grateful gift to Damosel
Courteous and gay and belle,
Her mother's care and boast, the pure of pure,
As to me showed that artless formosure
Nature so loves to lend her
That she makes Saturn in far sphere surrender.

II.

No rustick natural Spring
Untaught by excellent craftsman-hand to flow,
But by art-fashioning
Of Heaven derivèd from the rugged stone,
E'er so glad sight hath shown
To hunter panting in the noony glow,
As care in me did full contentment grow
When viewed that careless mien
Which ee'n can irous Jupiter serene.

III.

Fruit that sans training hand
Dependeth bounden to its natural place,
Which freak of Fortune fand
For him who sees it dyed blood-red, milk-white,
Ne'er dealt him such delight
As deals to me that unadulterate grace,
The brightest charm of beauty's form and face,
That head-veil spurning art
Would turn to carlish herd the war-god Mart.

IV.

The Morn who gracious glows
And rising rains from hyacinthine hair
Lily and daisy and rose,
Sans aid of ornamental artifice,
Ne'er shows so sweet device
As shows that splendid glow of eyën rare
To him who views them purely, ferly fair;
And innocent smiles suffice us;
Wherefore Apollo maketh Tage Amphrỳsus.

V.

The Mounts, whose kingly brows
Trees in their tangled holts and haughs o'erstrew
With round embowlèd boughs,
Glad growth no dextrous handiwork could train,
Grace of so lofty vein
Vaunt not in natural shades of verdant hue
As in these orbs so clear, so pure we view;
Large store of esperance
Love's love and Venus' venom to enhance.

VI.

The birdies' simple song
A musick lacking trick of tone and time,
The green ramàge among,
Ne'er sounds so sweet, nor brings him such delight
Who, 'neath the treën night,
Hears it and wings his Sprite for higher clime,
As this sweet talking in mine ear doth chime,
This lore-light Nature-lit,
These wits that plunder Mercury's wand and wit.

VII.

Freshets that freshest flow
And from the forest-fount so clear derive
Tombling fro' high cliff-brow,
And with their pearl-lets 'namelling the green
Of tenderest shine and sheen,
And 'scapes our sight, soft-murmuring, fugitive,
Ne'er gave such gladness as the Graces give
Stored in that sovereign light
Which rustick Dian hath a courtier dight.

L'ENVOI.

Seeing this light (Canzon ! that durst so dare !)
All fall and prostrate wait
Saturnine Saturn, Jove of sprite irate
Fere Mars, fair-faxt Apollo, Venus fair,
And Mercury and Dian and every Sterre.

CANZON XIII.

O pomar venturoso!

(To an Orchard on the Zézéré River; with a chapel of the B. Virgin).

I.

Fair Vergier apple'd bright,
Where Nature-craft we see
With cunning human art at odds contend;
And in so sweet a site
Superior subtlety
Of Genius showst, nude charms withouten end!
No Judgment may pretend
(Be it blind, or high and rare)
To judge if greater part
Or Nature 'twas or Art
Or earth or heaven lent thee most of care;
For joys thy glad terrene
Joyaunce of purest air the most serene.

II.

In thy delicious weight
The Mount his pleasure showing,
Fends fro' thy skirts Zezerè's rushing waves,
So proud thou contemplate
His chrystal purely flowing
Which blent with Pera bounds thy feet and laves.
Thy painture hath such braves

That gar Apelles pale;
Enigmas intricate,
With myrtles animate
We see, which Scopas' self to carve would fail:
In thee with peace internal
An holy pleasure holdeth place eternal.

III.

The Garths of far-enfamèd
Babel o'er earth besung
Be now a miracle by worlds unpraise'd!
Tho' Glory's voice proclaimèd
Their hanging heights were hung
(Thus àntique Fame) in air unstable raise'd:
Nor any view amaze'd
Alcinoüs' Paradise;
Nor pens that learning vaunt
Mæcenas' gardens chaunt,
Planter of peregrine humanities;
But whereso fly she, Fame
Speak of thee only and thy gifts proclaim.

IV.

For, if in olden term
Bright pomes of glowing gold
Deckt garths and orchards of the Hesperides;
And 'spite the deadly Worm
(Their ward) alone the bold
Alcides darèd strip the dooming trees;
Thou with more power to please

Teachest the pure chaste Sprite
Her wished-for weal to win,
To fly foul envy-sin
(Those golden pomes! Time never bring them blight!)
In fine with charity
Conquering Hell to ope Eternity.

V.

Meanwhile of Aventùre
By Time for thee foretracèd
Heaven grant thee Joyaunce which shall never wane;
That show thy scene so pure
With greater glory gracèd
A figured reflex of the Heavenly Reign;
That long as Heaven sustain
This globe of sea and land,
His grace of highest degree
His Noblest Mystery,
Which death and doom from mortal spirits bann'd,
Bide in our Souls ensoul'd
And with more palmy Palms more triumphs hold.

VI.

Then joy thou long unshent
The boons of favouring Fate,
Thy Maker's Mother dealt, here fitly fane'd:
That aye with thee content
From Her sublime estate,
Joy to her servants' souls and sents be deign'd;
And each and all be sain'd

For nobler qualities
Than Nestor, wisest wight;
That so the world shall sight
Their years exceeding fabled centuries;
And with the longer Life
Endure their Memories in all honour rife.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! sith more enfamèd
Ne'er by thy praise can be
This Mount's delicious stations here proclaimèd;
Haply Love's deity
Who giveth governance to thy numbered strain
For will to sing them Life eterne shall deign.

CANZON XIV.

Quem com solido intento

(An unfinished imitation of Luigi Groto, showing that like Causes do not produce like Effects).

I.

Whoso with stable mind
Woos Nature and in Nature's mystery wise is
All lore that Athens prizes,
Cast he to furious wave and fickle wind:
To forge my pains and bind,
A new Philosophy,
Born of experience, Amor to me taught.
From laws of antique Time it fares distraught;
For Love and Nature disagree in me;
Hence schools of sages never could attest
In subject Nature-made,
What lofty grade Love opèd in my breast.

II.

Birds winnow air serene,
The herds of Proteus in the waters thrive;
And men are born to live
Within this world, a world so meanly mean:
Me all things inconvene
In all I bide reparted;

My mouth's in air; my wit on earth is cast:
Love fills the first and Fancy feeds the last;
My heart consumes with flames for aye enhearted:
But from these eyelids tear-floods ever flowing
Have workings so contràyr
In hostile humour flare the flames still growing.

III.

Love erst through eyën-sight
Of Lovers' hearts the gateway safest gain'd:
That Law now lies prophane'd;
For whenas shone those eyne my heart to smite,
I loved an unseen sight,
And like the Spingard's flash
I saw Love's figure ere his cause was seen.
Whoso Desire with Hope would link in lien
Blind guide he blindly takes, a low vile lache,
But in this soul exempt from worldly law,
I see Hope lying dead
Thus bides Desire in stead new life to draw.

IV.

Vainly Reflection saith
"Like seeks his likeness: Like his like adores";
And flies, unloves, abhors
Each mortal man coy melancholick Death:
I chase a fair Unfaith
Who 'neath man's figure nurst

A diamant-heart, a breast of steely plate:
Who raveneth for my blood while I would sate
With fiercest death-throes her inhuman thirst:
This wise, in all things utterly different,
Whither Fate lead I run
And if by Death undone I die content.

V.

Falls he in worse defect
Who deemeth Science certain and secure,
That manifest Cause be sure
Aye to engender self-conformed Effect.
Won me one dight and deckt
With charms, whose maiden snow,
Reviving fires internal burns me alive:
For this my Fair one, fere and fugitive,
Snow gi'en she be, is surely fieriest lowe:
Whence I infer secure (and cease the phrase
Vain, lightsome, lie-begot)
Snow sometimes melted not in flames that blaze:

VI.

Right well Effect we sight
Surcease with cessant Cause whence it depends;
Yet flame the more accends
Sustained by standing in the Source of Light.
But in the living sprite
Limns every trait and line

Love, with his nightly thought, his dreaming day
And, when Apollo leaves the sunshine-way,
In sombrest shades I view that Nymph divine.
Then if sans daylight Love his eyesight feed
Blind! whoso holds untrue
Night's blackest hue can course of Love impede.

VII.

Erreth who overbold
Preacheth the Part be greater than his Whole:
Love so enholds my Soul,
That in a Soul of mine I bide ensoul'd:
From boast so brave is bred
The dread of losing Her:
And, albe fear to many a heart that sinks
Depaint in phantasy Chimæra and Sphinx
Of future evils hostile stars may stir,
I see in self, for secret yet unknown,
When 'joy I most content,
Only from welfare hent is terror grown.

VIII.

'Tis held for manifest
That like his Subject seemeth Accident;
But I still sense each sent
Of thinking, colour, laughter, human geste:
And whenas all the rest
Of Life-tide is forlore

In this my tormentize so hard, so coy,
I live to 'noyance and I die to joy;
And live my Senses when my Soul's no more,
That full assurance feel my parted Sprite
Combine, for painfuller paining,
Parting, Remaining, Life with Death unite.

L'ENVOI.

Wherefore, Canzon! infer I and believe
That or all wonted form be disarrangèd
In Nature's firmest law,
Or that my Nature saw its shape all changèd.

CANZON XV.

Ine he isto? Sonho? On vejo a Ninfa pura,
(Platonic: Of a Dream and its waking).

I.

What? Do I dream? Or see that Nymph all-pure
Ever in soul I see?
Or limns Desire for me
The weal each hour all vainly would secure?
Ill can the night's Obscure,
Loving cold sombre shade,
Send me in fairest dreams that clearest Light
Which shall not day be made
By power of glancing rays wi' radiance firèd.
O loved Sight long desirèd
O' that douce Nymph, that Star enquickening sight!
Long o'er this Ocean havel steered my barque,
(Sans look of lodestar) voyage drear and dark.

II.

In these fair eyne my Sprite, by very pride
Upraised, to hide was fain,
When did the Heàvens ordain
My banisht Spirit must wi' me abide.

The surest way you espied
The highmost height to view,
And Cause of this Effect you showed my soul.
Thus Beauty's mortal hue
Born from Above its seat Above resumes;
Thus lights which Heaven illumes
There from the skies derive, there seek their goal:
Then, as such vision can with God unite me
Why, O my Soul! to this your Soul deny 't me?

III.

An would you lead me prisoner part by part
Fair-faxèd wavy Hair!
Web me the golden snare
Wherein clipt Vulcan Cypria and her Mart.
And sith your gentle art
Robeth in bloomy sheen
Earth where your delicate sole vouchsafes to tread,
How oft, these marvels seen,
I wisht me a flower 'mid these flowers grown?
For, seeing me trodden down
By the white feet that make the snow blush red,
Haply mote I transform me to the flower
Wherewith fair Flora cooled fere Juno's stowre.

IV.

But where (O dear Life mine!) where be thou fled
Lighter and fleeter than
In shady glade e'er ran
The Hind by hurt of gridèd arrow sped!

An for such Parting dread
Mine Eyes ! ye oped to light,
May everlastingest sleep your eyelids close,
Ere that such blight ye sight,
Losing that lovely, so beloved a snare !
Now to my deep despair
You sight full clearly for increase of woes
In this light vision, fugitive relief,
There be no longer Ill than Weal so brief.

V.

Happy Endymion, whom the Deëss dear
Who guides the nightly race
Enclaspt in dream-embrace !
Ah ! who fro' Dream so sweet to wake would care ?
Sole thou, Aurore avare,
Whenas thou smotst my sight,
Cruel ! couldst victim me for envy pure.
But an fro' this sad sprite
Hope willèd thee subdue the gloom forlorn,
Know ! thou wast vainly born :
For from these Eyne to melt such mists obscure
Perforce must I present, to sight that ceast,
Other Sun, other Day-dawn, other East.,

L'Envoi.

If light my Planet showers
Revive me not, Canzon ! with soft sweet powers,
Like rain-flowers wilted in the short sunshine
Thou'lt sight a Life which melts in tearful brine.

CANZON XVI.

Por meyo de humas serras muy fragosas,
(A country piece: imitation of Gaspar Gil Polo's *Rimas Provenzales*).

I.

Mid serrièd Mounts, a broken, cliff-lipped height,
Girt by a growth of forest old and hoar,
Waking the rugged rocks with rèflect roar,
Flow these perennial fountains of delight:
The stream Buïna hight and eke its vale
(A far-famed dale,
For-that its mead
Is 'namellèd
With freshest views
Of verdant hues),
Show a so goodly sight, such views amene,
The scene exceedeth every fairest scene:

II.

We sight its currents ever onward urging
Regaling daisy, making grasses shine,
As swift they seek the waters Neptunine
In varied veins, deriving and converging:
With thousand silvern shells the golden strand
Lies glitterand;

Here birds go winging,
By thousands singing,
While fledgelings play
On every spray,
Whose softest concert of song-melodies
Serenes the winds and gentles every breeze.

III.

From this bough Nightingale shrills loudly sweet,
From that respondeth Linnet's lively strain;
Dame Partridge, who in holt hath refuge tane;
Hearing the hunter flusheth fast and fleet—
Fleeter and faster than the wanton wind—
For she would find
Some safer ground;
But 'ere 'tis found
The while she hurries
And chuckling scurries
Faster the fatal bolt behind her flieth,
Wherewith she wounded droopeth, droppeth, dieth.

IV.

Here from one branch to other Prognè flits,
Showing a bosom red with blood undried,
There seeking provaunt for her hungry nide:
Merry Coturnix luring call repeats
To the deft Birder who his toils extendeth;
For he intendeth

By snare and sleight
To harm and fright
The evil-fated,
Whenas amated
By sparsely scattered grains of golden corn,
Into the foeman's hand she fall forlorn.

V.

Here Challander trolleth from the crucified vine;
The Ring-dove moaneth, chattereth the Stare;
The snowy Culver fast from nest doth fare
The Throstle percheth high on olive-tine:
Outtroop with murmurous hum the honey-bees,
And haste to seize
Their dewy store,
All fresh and frore,
O'er meadow sheen
Adorned with green,
Whence they the fragrant golden Drink distil
Given to mankind by Aristæus' skill.

VI.

Here from the leafy Vine in lucent suit
Hang grapey bunches mirroring the sun:
Offer frondiferous Trees themselves, each one
Bearing the burthen of his several fruit:
The leaping fishes clearest waters cleave,
And e'en upheave

The stony pellets,
The conchs and shell-lets
Rubicund,
Which the jocùnd
Wavelets bear flood-wards with their rattling flow
And, surging soft, o'er blanchèd strands bestrow.

VII.

Here 'mid the fangèd ranges start for flight
The Calydonian beast, the stag, the deer,
Nor can their swiftness stay their panick fear
Whom their own sounding falls of foot affright.
Flies scudding Rabbit, tricksy Levret flies
Her form, that lies
Beneath the bracken,
Where comes a trackin'
The light-foot Lyme;
And many a time,
Ere by her fervid enemy overtane,
She leaves her follower following in vain.

VIII.

Resplendent gleam snow-white and purpling flowers
Wherewith Favonius 'namels hill and dale;
Here lovely Hyacinth shall never fail
Nor lose the memories of his old amours;
Still on his bloomy petals graven lies
"Ay," sign of sighs:

Here, eke, doth Flora
Ever restore a
Fresh store of Roses,
Loveliest posies
With Lilies blent and sweets of myriad Daisies
And Zephyr wooing her with joy amazes.

IX.

Here, als' Narcissus in the liquid glass
Again is lurèd by his lovely lure:
In it the boughs that fringe the coverture
Are limned by Nature, Art may ne'er surpass;
Adonis Cytheræa's charms enjoying,
Gladsome toying
In his bloom,
Is changed by doom
To Anemone,
On Eryx she
Left as example what shall be his lot
For whom all by-gone loves her love forgot.

X.

Glad site so fair and fresh, so fit create
For Lovers' trysting, a true treasure-trove,
Lovers whom sharp enpiercing shaft of Love,
That blind-born god, have cast fro' high estate;
And for o'ermusing by the tinkling wave
Their griefs so grave,

Their lost amours,
Seeing the flowers
With fragrance full
Shall pluck and pull
Nosegays, and thousand precious wreaths enweave,
And with the lovely Nymphs in love-pledge leave.

XI.

I wi' these flowers, as pledge of Love to hold,
A woven wreath before my goddess placed:
And, that right well I lovèd, well was traced
By "Love-me-well" our swains call Marigold;
But yet as though 'twere only "Love-lies-bleeding"
Her all-unheeding
Cruellest will
(Beauty's prime Ill)
Made fully plain;
With high disdain
She spurned my flower-gift not because 'twas mine,—
But for-that fairer blooms in her combine.

CANZON XVII.

A vida ja passey assaz contente,

(A Pastoral dirge on the death of D. Antonio de Noronha. Here popular Editions end).

I.

Hereto I lived my life enow contented,
Free roved my will, my thoughts had free intent,
Withouten qualms of Love or Aventùre:
But 'twas a welfare in one moment spent;
And, to my pains, I see clear represented
Life gives no storèd goods that long endure.
In by-gone Days abode I most secure
From Amor and his bate,
Seeing so happy state
Wherein I fancied Amor had no part;
Now wot I not what art
To him enthrallèd me with such a force,
That while Death stays his course,
Espoir of future weal forlorn have I,
Woe's me! how slow doth sad Life minute by!

II.

How often here I heard, when sad and lone,
Felicio mine and thousand other swains
Vainly complaining of my cruelty!
While turned I deafer ear to plaints of pains

Than the deaf adder or the deafer stone,
Judging their Love-suits vainest vanity.
Now for such freedom so high fee I pay,
My will, my wish, my whim,
I see all yield to him,
To one who may not, though I call, respond;
One now I view in bond
Of Earth's cold bosom, one my cries would move,
And he is he I love
'Tis he who conquers, I who conquered lie.
Woe's me! How slow doth sad Life minute by!

III.

What boots thee, cruel Love! my sacrifice
Of torment add new title to thy name?
Or what constrained thee to such cruel gree
That in so hasty way my Soul thou claim,
To sorrow doomed no suffering may suffice?
But an thy Nature, Love! be cruelty
Suffice thy use that I such harshness dree
As thou with others usest;
Yet, as thou only choosest
To see me dying for thine own content,
When most thou wouldst torment
Thou wouldest direr pangs still more torment me,
Yet ne'er that Death be sent me
Lest such an Evil forth from me should fly.
Woe's me! how slow doth sad Life minute by!

IV.

Where shall I find me aught affording weal?
And on whose name shall call when none responds?

Who shall to present care a cure present?
No weal there bin but what fro' me absconds;
Nor view I any who shall welfare deal,
When he my bestest welfare fro' me went.
Ne'er saw I mourning Maid so malcontent,
Amor did so maltreat,
But who could hope to weet
Some cure that Time and Life shall bring for care:
I only live to bear
An Ill so grievous grave, so desperate,
Which hath e'en heavier weight,
For-that it maketh Life uneath to die.
Woe's me! how slow doth sad Life minute by!

V.

Sweet flowing Waters! Meadows ferly fair!
Shade-sombre Forests! rugged highland Roc
Where I when wholest-hearted came and wer
Fresh Flowers! and likewise thou my gentle
The dear companions of the days that were!
Leave me not, pray 'e, now my pains torme
And if mine Evils touch your sense and se
Aid me to 'bate their wrong,
For dumb is now my tongue,
And Patience vanisheth ferforth of ken.
But when (ah hapless!) when
One day, one hour shall see me fare cont'e,
And thee to sight presented,
My Swain! and bind two souls with sin
Woe's me! how slow doth sad Life min

VI.

But know I not an 'twere foolhardy stress
This strain of Soul that would with thine unite,
Which was so coyly fro' my heart outcast.
Amor shall free me from this parlous plight;
For there, when seeing this my sore distress,
I hold e'en thou shall hold thee 'venged at last.
And if in thee endure the Love that past
And that fair Faith so pure,
I feel securely sure
A friendly welcome there fro' friend to find.
Of me, then, learn mankind
The whole of heart shall pay Love's dearest cost;
And pay her uttermost
The Soul that sees not Love with grateful eye.
Woe's me! how slow this sad Life minutes by!

* * * * * * *

CANZON XVIII.

Mandame Amor que cante docemente
(Jur.'s *ineditas* begin: same subject as Nos. 7 and 8).

I.

Love sends me order sweetest song to chaunt,
The song he deignèd press upon my sprite,
With preconceivèd purpose to redress me,
And that with evils I contentment vaunt,
He saith that captured by those eyne of light
To boast such capture should suffice to bless me:
Well saith he: but I shrink so high to raise me,
For view I clearly, when I'd write my tale,
My lowly Genius fail,
And the fair vision so high value owe
That claims it Orpheus' song;
For, an his singing hurrièd groves along
Would not my singing her some miracle show?
Yet will I work my best
And, Dame! aid you this slave who hears you hest.

II.

'Twas in the Season when the verdure lush
A-field returneth; whenas sweet-suspiring
Zephyrus cometh leading Prime the belle;
From springs and fountains clear pure waters gush

And, mid the flowers of seed-tide, wail untiring
Their àntique wrongs Prognè and Philomel.
My Luck (which meant her sight I loved so well)
Better to show me weal in bestest part
Loosèd, with pretty art,
Tresses that meshèd me in tangling net
To the coy wind's soft breath ;
Those eyne whose lively light all 'lumineth,
That airy brow and gesture delicate,
Which unto Earth gave He
For peace to mortals and for war to me.

III.

From Appetite, alluring, excellent,
Spirits of holy mould began outspread,
Who with their pity fillèd all of air ;
The Birds beholding light so lucident
Awe-stricken, each one unto other said :—
" What light be this ? what radiance new and rare ?
The Founts, inflamed by charms beyond compare,
Slowèd their waters shining purest sheen ;
Resilient rose the green
Prest by the fairy feet of airy tread ;
The boughs low bending down
I felt in every bosquet greener grown ;
And if she only moved from stead to stead
The Winds in peace were stillèd,
By very musick of her movement thrillèd.

IV.

When to the senseless saw I senses lent
By her, I musèd what mote hap to me,

A man, a sensuous thing of flesh and blood ;
I knew my knowledge was of scant extent,
And this much only knew, for I could see
Fro' me my spirits in a flood outpourèd ;
While power so puissant in her own was storèd
It changed to human nature's softest strain
The Mounts, whose rugged vein
Fro' them distrained, past into my breast
O parting passing strange !
For mountain-hardness human sense to change,
The sense that ever lay in me represt :
Look ye what sugred snare !
Gain ye a common good from bane I bear !

V.

My human Being being already lost,
I lost the reasoning part that in me lay,
Yielding the lave of Life to appetite ;
But Sense adawed and by such changes tost,
For so divinest Cause began me say
'Twere only reason Reason lose the fight,
For only losing could such loss restore :
In sweet peace evermore
Each fared wi' foeman in one frame subjèct :
O goodly concert this !
Who had not deemèd deals celestial bliss
The Cause that causeth so sublime Effect,
That so man's heart can season
Till its gross Appetite becomes its Reason.

VI.

Here sensèd I Love's finest gramarye
Seeing him sensing things insensible,
And of mine every sense forlore to esteem me:
In fine I felt my Nature self deny;
Whence sight assured me all were possible
For her fair Eyne sauf one,—with love to see me:
Then, as I felt my senses fail and flee me,
In lieu of senses that had fled my lot
One wrote (I know him not)
Upon my soul with writ of Memory
And, with her gentle gest,
Most of this process on my soul imprest,
Which gave a cause to so long history:
If well did I relate it;
I write it not, from spirit I translate it.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! If doubt they one fair Sight have power
(Such power!) the soul to stir
Say, "look on me and then believe in her!"

CANZON XIX.

Crecendo vai meu mal d'ora em ora,
(To a Dame living in the Country).

I.

Increase mine Evils, crescive hour by hour,
And deem I Fortune dooms my life to cease,
Against my welfare so she guides her wheel:
Then if Life fail me may my pains increase,
However, cruel Dame! increase they more,
Some fine must find, in fine, their fierce Unhele.
What gainest thou to lose me?
What losest fair to use me,
If at the cost of single love-glance lent
Thou canst my life content?
And if thou deal me grace of remedy
The self-same Being shalt thou cease to be?

II.

If the coy pains, the tortures thou hast dealt,
Had dealt thee joyaunce, e'en a little part,
I'd live contented and enjoy my paining;
For sith I labour to content thy heart
Woe would delight me with a joy ne'er felt:
But clearly note I how Deceit unfeigning

Those lovely Eyes discoure,
(If haply seen some hour)
Making the smallest matter of my teen.
Ay me! right well I ween
Thou, Ladye! for my destined lot and sort
So dure condition doomest me support.

III.

Tygre or any fere irrational
With all his harshness owneth Love-liesse
And for it peaceful haunts his forest-wone:
The Birds, be they of greater size or less,
All with an inbred Instinct natural
Own the love-feeling Nature wills they own:
But thou so perfect in perfection,
Of such fair honest strain,
Of so divine a vein,
Of so much galliardise and gentle gree,
Hast naught save cruelty!
Meseems with reason these thy ways be meet,
To win thee title "cruel Anaxarete."

IV.

An be't thy deme I undeserve to serve thee
For mine unworthy worth to win such prize,
Deceives thee, Dame! opinion error-fill'd;
For an thou have so gracious galliardise,
I have a faithful love that doth deserve thee,
Nor aught my merits to thy merit yield.
But little boots me on such base to build

Whose Fate of foes is worst;
To love thee I'm enforst;
All thy great merits but my love enforce;
Yet, more Love's forceful course
Confirms my faithful will and confidence,
The more thou bafflest me with coy pretence.

V.

What 'vails thy gentle joyaunce-dealing sight?
What can avail so lovely Dame be thou
If all be drownèd in thy selfish worth?
The freshest floscule gemming greeny bough,
Whose unseen blushes Time shall wilt and blight,
Gaineth but nothing from the gift of birth;
Gold naught availeth hidden deep in earth,
Tombed in his proper mine
Till miner shall refine;
Nor Pearl embedded in her ugly shell
Doomed on dark sand to dwell,
For, till by man's companionship besought,
Her worth be worthless and her charms be naught.

VI.

So doth consummate superhuman grace,
A grave and modest favour Angel-bright,
Forfare all value when thou 'sdeign the showing;
The golden tresses framing brow snow-white,
The flower-like cheeks, the years in pride of place,
Mateless thou wastest on Life's desert air.
O fair Ingratitude, no mercy knowing!

What claims of thee the field?
What joys doth country yield
That gar thee lavish youthtide's boon supreme
On those the gift misdeem,
Thou giv'st large-handed gift to me denay'd,
In fine, thou giv'st them light and giv'st me shade.

VII.

See with how speedy wing Time flies at speed,
See with what course to run thee down he goes,
And with what silence hastes to fatal fine;
To 'joy thy person is his primest heed;
For, whenas withered hangs the bloomèd Rose,
Sans price and value lingereth still the Spine;
I own thee of her charms that charmed our eyne
If Time could so deflower them,
Time can again empower them:
And if the ruin of noble Prime she rue,
Prime shall her green renew;
But an thy fresh young season be forlore,
Hope no return, it greeneth nevermore.

VIII.

An Nature made thee bloom so brightly fair,
If she with perfect grace thy form endowerèd,
War not with her against misaventùre:
See now thy season all its flowers hath flowerèd;
Be not so niggardly, to self so spare;
Fain must we cull our fruits when fruits mature;
And, if thou wilful wilt thy formosure

Thou wastest so mispent,
Whenas thou shalt repent,
Time, as he runneth with a loosèd rein,
Backs not to start again;
Nor state of man shall Fortune label "Felix,"
To grow, and eke regrow, like fabled Phœnix.

IX.

How can I ever hope thy ruth to see,
When thou, with fere intention unhumàne,
In case so cruel canst thyself oppress;
Clear shows the disillusion of my bane:
Whoso for self nill liberality
Ill to his neighbour shall he deal largèsse.
Withal this wheel of dure and dour distress
I hope ungeared to sight
And at some hour run light;
For-that with Time the beast that haunts the hills
Something of softness thrills;
And e'en the haughty steed his rage subdues
And, tamed by Time, submits for man to use.

X.

If to torment my Soul thy Soul content,
An such thy fitness for such cruel feat,
Yet Hope shall ever 'bide in me secure:
Time makes Grenado grow to sugary sweet,
Time breaks to bittocks hardest Diamant;
Soft water drilleth stone however dure:
Who knows but what shall grant me Aventùre

I see that Time deign deal
My Soul-desirèd weal?
The sky's bright mirror e'en in brumal tide
Mists do not always hide;
And, though Tornado may torment the wave,
Time quells the squall and gentles gales that rave.

XI.

An for whatever travail, small or great,
Ladye! we look to win commensurate weal,
And if we honour merit as were due,
Of constant love, of fay sincere I feel,
The fruitful harvest justly I await:
If aught offend thee which in me thou view
My life go wasted, ne'er itself renew
In such a fair demand,
Since Love so deals command;
And if or Fate or Fortune deign decree
That I be loved of thee,
Nothing of larger glory covet I;
And if not, for thy sake 'twere life to die.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon! thou goest lost, but more his weal
Is lost who gives thee to the withering Wind;
For he hath feeling and for Ills doth feel
And naught of feeling for the lave can find
I weet we let the wretch no Leach can heal
Wail pangs of body and weep pains of mind;
Therefore I bid thee go and where thou go
Tell all my torments and Love's guerdon—woe.

CANZON XX.

Bem aventurado aquelle, que ausente
(Same subject as No. 16; in "Rimas Provenzales").

I.

Happy the mortal who retirèd lives
From crowding business, noise and tumult-press,
Sees from afar loss, insult and distress
Th' unworthy world to silly worldling gives:
His cares encurbeth he with Reason's rein,
An alien
From all the cares
That breeds and bears
Our human life
Which, ever rife
In poisonous pleasures of Man's covetize,
Kindles the brands whereon he burning lies.

II.

He batteneth not on hopes of Fortune's hoards,
Raised where the falsest Hope unduly elates;
Vile seem to him and low the intimates
Of Kings, of Princes and of noble Lords;
As wealth abounding ever rateth he
His Poverty,
The foe that foils
All toils and moils

Ne'er consenting
Discontenting;
And that he see his heart in life secure
Careless and fearless, wills he to be poor.

III.

He spurns with valorous soul and gallant breast
Ambitious flights that daze the Spirit's gaze;
He 'sdeigneth thoughts which vainly rise and raise
To vainest phantasies by care opprest;
These things, as pèrverse ills, afar he driveth,
And so liveth
For-that Life
Torn by strife,
Worn by caring,
Weary, wearing,
And blown by frolick Fortune's every breath
Is Life unlively; nay, 'tis Life-in-Death.

IV.

Ne'er breaketh gentle sleep the sovenance
Importunate of weal and coming woe;
Secure he seeth changes come and go,
Free from all fear, exempt from change and chance;
And, albe Life appear to him so brief,
He lives unlief
Of longer lease;
His joys ne'er cease
For ever deeming
Wealth is teeming:
For Life that raceth goods of Life to chase
Finds itself wasted, lacking growth of grace.

V.

He fareth not with friends that hide the fone,
He 'fronteth direst perils prudent-wise,
A constant spirit, in his tranquil guise,
He joys with loyal hearts secure to wone;
And, when the raging of the tyrant Main
Warreth insane,
Fires accending
And pretending,
With strange swelling
Wrath indwelling,
To wreck Earth's dearest peace in general jar,
He rests and laughs at th' elemental war.

VI.

He hears no martial trompet's fearful roar
Affrighting forceful hearts with harshest strain;
He feareth not the soldiery cruel vain
With swords which ever thirst for human gore;
Nor yet the bullets from the spingards springing
Ringing, pinging,
As a-sky
Thick they fly;
But descending,
Unseen wending,
Amid the many come they one to wound,
One in such cases e'er fon-careless found.

VII.

And though his freeborn Thought intelligent
'Prison his sight and rule his chosen law;

And though another's Will his own adaw,
Withal enjoyeth surest Liberty
His Thought aye free,
That electeth
What subjecteth;
For the painful
Snarings baneful
The which from private prejudice proceed
To none the lordship of man's self concede.

VIII.

Now he upraiseth high from lowly earth
Experienced Thought to things beyond the sky,
And blaming life and self he fain would die
To win such treasure of exceeding worth:
Now with soft "Ahs" he cleaveth through the cloud;
Groaning loud,
Death addressing
"Thou hard blessing!
Come thou nigh me
Nor deny me
A blow so fatal that my Life would reave
And thee the truest Life I would believe."

CANZON XXI.

Porque vossa belleza a si se vença,
(To a fair friend recovering health : imperfect).

I.

For-that your loveliness self-conquest see
You have such marvels shown,
That be you fairer grown
With the past rigours of this malady ;
Thus in her season the pale hueless Rose
Regreens her hue and with more lustre glows ;
Thus, past the horrid hours of wintry gloom,
Prime flaunts his flowers dight with brighter bloom ;
Thus in due course the sad eclipsèd Sun
Emergeth clearer, radiant race to run.

II.

Now Sol to see your welfare shows his gladness,
And, erst in sables clad,
Robeth him gay and glad
While mobled Night displayeth less of sadness ;
The withered fields you force to flower, Senhora !
Whenas her sorrow flowerless mourneth Flora ;
The very elements joyèd fain and lief
That whilom felt and sore bewailed your grief ;
The shiest Bird sings happy madrigal ;
All self engladden, or you gladden all.

III.

Gladden you, Earth and Heaven! these lamping eyes
Lit wi' so lovely light
Which, by their marvel-might,
Give Earth her blossoms and give Stars to skies:
To Tagus, better blest by Aventùre,
Give you that beauty's all-fair portraiture,
Which bin a treasure of more wealth untold
Than richest sand-beds rolling finest gold:
Ladye! we see you all enrich and deem
Yourself the richest, in all wealth extreme.

IV.

Seeing your welfare Love himself makes fête
And Health, in honest pride,
Showeth a fairer side,
Donning your wealth of charms that all amate:
The Graces, garlanded with thousand flowers,
Crown you for only goddess of Amours,
And give you all your April gave the Three;
For to the Graces primest Spring you be;
And, sith you gladden all with health renew'd,
All waxeth gladsome nor may change intrude.

* * * * * * *

ODES.

ODE I.

Detêm hum pouco, Musa, o largo pranto
(Endymion and the Moon: himself and his lover).

I.

Awhile the large complaining, Muse! withhold
Love opeth in thy breast;
Nay, robe in raiment gay with gleamy gold,
And be our vows addrest
To Her, whose gracious hest
Wills all the world illume,
Lighting to bright of day the nightly gloom!

II.

O Delia! thou who, billowy clouds despite,
Shedding thy silver ray
Such wise dost influence the obscure of night
Love may not find his way,
Nor e'en in soul pourtray
Love's love to thy divine
Favour, that gars me rage and senses tyne!

III.

Thou, who with Stars of lightest, brightest sheen
Dost coronal and crown
Thy lovely cheeks, thy candid front serene;

And deckest field and down
With roses by thee sown,
With daisy, dainty birth
Thy heavenly humour shed o'er vernal Earth!

IV.

Then, Delia! seest thou from thy heavenly sphere
Chastities theft-o'ertane,
Sighs, singulfs, "Ahs," and voice of song and tear;
And wills of similar strain,
These yearning aye in vain,
Those, mourning cruelties,
Offer their own dear lives for sacrifice.

V.

Erst came Endymion to these wooded Mounts,
Their high-hung welkin eyeing,
The while thy name, with eyne convert to founts,
Invoked he vainly crying,
Aye sueing, praying, sighing,
Thy Beauty grant him grace,
Yet not one hour he fand of ruth a trace.

VI.

For thee of snowy flock a Shepherd grown,
In forests solitaire,
And, 'companied by Thought and Thought alone,
He speaks the herds that fare
To all true Love contràyr,
But not (as thou art) dure;
Where he lamenteth sore Misaventùre.

VII.

For thee conserveth Ilium's fountful site
Gardens of cooly gloom;
For thee keep Pelion and far Erymanth-height
Roses of purpling bloom;
And gums of choicest fume,
Of this our Orient,
Conserveth Happy Araby right content.

VIII.

Of whatso panther, tygre, leopart
The bowels 'ured to stowre
But sense the terrors of thy grided dart,
When the tor's highest tower,
Remote and strange and dour,
Thou climbst in light-foot way
So ferly fair that Love by love canst slay?

IX.

Thine ear did aye the chaste young Mother's crying
Thou bright Lucina! hear,
Her force enforcing and new sprite supplying;
But to that Lover drear
Ne'er wouldst thou lend an ear,
Nor for one moment deign
To see him suffering less of pain and bane.

X.

Ah! fly me not. Ah! haste thee not to hide
From Lover naught shall daunt!
Look thee how sighs and murmurs Ocean-tide,

How Atlas old and gaunt
His shoulders arrogant
Compassionate doth incline,
Hearing these dolent, feeble accents mine.

XI.

Most tristful me! my plaint what profiteth
When my complaints I throw
To one whose lifted hand would do my death
As of some cruel foe?
But where leads Fate I go,
Fate so my weird fulfils,
She only teaches this, this only wills.

XII.

O long the syne since Heaven unsnared my snare!
Yet with more obstinate gree
And madder daring every day I dare;
Despite a will born free
Folly I cannot flee;
For this wherein I wend me
With snare of Esperance still doth hold and hend me.

XIII.

O how far better for my fate had been
A sleep thro' Night eterne
For these sad eyne, which so had never seen
The cause of dule so dearne;
To fly (ere came such turn)
One more than erst unkind,
Fiercer than She-bear, fleeter than the Hind.

XIV.

Ay me, who ever burn in living lowe
Wi' thousand deaths by side;
And when I die the most I live the mo'e!
Thus did for me decide
Ill-doom wherein I 'bide;
For, when it wills me dead,
To longer Life it dooms me, Death instead.

XV.

Secret-full Night, sweet friend I lief obey!
These Roses (sith one hour
My plaint thou heardest) on thy fane I lay;
With this fresh amaranth-flower,
Still trickling dewy shower
And wet with rory tear,
Shed by the jealous Titan's fair white Fere.

ODE II.

Taõ suave, taõ fresca; e taõ fermosa,
(A Canzon).

I.

So suave, so fresh, so fair ne'er yet uprose
In skies of Orient light
Aurora deigning deal us summery Spring,
And painting flowers in gracious wonted guise,
As came that false and feral Fairest when
In me she breathed such Thought of lively care,
That I mine I unknow.

II.

Ne pudick Daisy ne fresh opening Rose
On plain showed face so bright,
When radiant Sol is pent in Taurus' ring,
Amelling bowers with all-differing dyes,
As doth this Flower with down-cast eyne when fain
She would inure me sorrow's weight to bear,
A throe e'en now I trow.

III.

Fair fleet-foot Nymph, whose anger glows and grows,
Ne'er followed in her flight
Satyr, but what his softing heart could bring

Her breast to pity and Love's gentle guise,
However fast she fled and spurned this pain,
This bane, where showèd Love a bliss so fair
Begun with prosperous show.

IV.

In fine, ne'er yet fair Thing so rigorous
Nature with Being dight,
Her form, her hard condition rivalling,
Which doth my life-long agonies despise;
And, with sweet gesture rife in soft disdain,
Raised sense and sent and life to height so rare
That thanks for throes I owe.

V.

'Twas my fond Hope to hymn, in verse or prose,
That vision seen in sprite
Twixt douce durèsse and mercy balancing,
Delices of beauty's first-fruits, rarest prize;
But when my song would soar with heavenly strain,
My wits were blent and genius by the glare,
The great and glorious glow.

VI.

In that high purity never shall disclose
To worlds its veilèd light;
In those angelic eyne o'ermastering
My Life, the lords that rule my destinies;
And, in those locks that on soft breezes deign
Softly to wave and all my Life ensnare,
I joy the while I am woe.

VII.

Parlous suspicions and repining throes
Wherewith would Love requite
His low desarts who forth fares wandering;
Dolours and dreads, the spirit's tormentize,
Fierce cruel coyness which fro' me hath tane
The only remnant of my wonted fare
To all I lout me low.

L'ENVOI.

Thrallèd me whole-heart Love to eyne of her
Wherein my God I know.

ODE III.

Se de meu pensamento
(After Garcilasso).

I.

If an my Thought could show
Some cause with Joyaunce mote my soul assain,
As now of woe and throe
I have full right to 'plain,
Thou couldst console me, Lyre of saddest strain!

II.

And my voice weary grown,
That rang in other days so blythe, so pure,
Never such change had known,
So sad Misaventùre,
That turned it hoarse and heavy, dour and dure.

III.

Were I as wont to be,
Your praise had soarèd to the highmost height;
You, you my Hierarchy!
Had heard my Love's delight,
Now World-example of my painful plight.

IV.

Glad woes and liefest grief,
Days, hours and moments with contentment fraught,
To Memory ah! how lief
Ye wone in soul inwrought
Where now reign torments baning every thought!

V.

Alas for fleeting joy!
Alas for gloire defacèd and displace'd!
Alas fere ills so coy!
What Life ye gar me taste!
How weighed by love's dull weight! what wilful waste!

VI.

How could not Death abate
This Life? How can this Life still, still endure?
How opes not Death the gate
To such misaventùre
Which Time with all his care can never cure?

VII.

But, that I bear my bale,
Subjecting Love more weightily would oppress:
For e'en to tell the tale,
Force faileth my distress
And all things weak me, all is weariness.

VIII.

Weal was indeed thy weird
Thou who prevailedest with sounding lyre
Orpheus! till thou wast heard
By Rhadamanth the dire
And sawst with mortal eyne thy dear Desire!

IX.

The ghosts of Hades-gloom
Thy voice of musick had the power to please;
The three dark Maids of Doom,
Man's ruthless enemies,
Saw themselves forced their furies to appease.

X.

Remained in wonderment
All Stygia's empery to hear thy lays;
And with repose content
Fro' woe that seldom stays,
Sisyphus ceased his huge round stone to upraise.

XI.

Changèd his ordered hest
Pluto long customed torture-throes to deal;
Stood still in rarest rest
Ixion's whirling wheel,
And feel in glory who their pains unfeel.

XII.

By the strange marvel movèd
The Queen, that ruleth Hades' shadowy host,
Restored thy well-belovèd
Fere, who life-lorn and lost
Had woned for many a day 'mid ghosts a ghost.

XIII.

Then, my Misaventùre
How may't not soften Soul of mortal strain,
Against my weal more dure,
Less human, less humane
Than wrath of Callirrhoë, Nymph prophane?

XIV.

O coy with cruel scorn,
Hard-hearted Bosom and enstonièd
As any Tygress born
In Hyrcan wold and bred;
Or in the rock's hard womb engenderèd!

XV.

Yet what say I, sad wight!
To whom entrust my plaints and trust in vain?
Ye only (O Delight
Of the salt humid reign!)
Clear Nymphs, condolence of my sufferings deign;

XVI.

And, trickt with golden ore,
Upraising tressèd heads of auburn shine
O'er waves that rear and roar,
With locks a-dripping brine,
All come ye forth to sight what state be mine.

XVII.

Come forth in company
Singing and plucking fairest flowers draw near!
Mine agony shall ye see;
Ye shall my Love-tale hear
And answer tear and sob with sob and tear.

XVIII.

The lostest ye shall view,
And most unhappiest Body e'er was born;
That self did erst transmew
To tears, whose state forlorn
Hath no surviving care but aye to mourn.

ODE IV.

Fermosa fera humana,
(To a venal fair in Lisbon).

I.

Fair Human unhumàne,
Against whose haughty heart and hardened breast,
The might all-sovereign
Of vengeful Amor's conquering behest,
Each gridèd arrow-head
He had in quiver but to break hath sped:

II.

Belovèd Circe mine!
Albe not only mine yet loved the more;
To whom I did assign
My lovèd Liberty, man's liefest store,
Bit after bit I yielded,
And e'en had yielded more had I but held it;

III.

Sith Nature in despight
Dealt thee of Reason particules so contràyr,
That with such beauty dight
Flaming in various fires thou art fain to fare,
Yet burning self in none
Longer than Earth is lit by single Lune;

IV.

Then on thy Triumph thou go'st
Dight with the spoilings of the Love-forshent,
Fro' whom thou robst the boast
Of human judgment, reason, sense and sent
Almost to all affying
Favours thou bidest unto all denying;

V.

For so thou joyest seeing
The Youth, who nightly comes in steel confine'd,
The tempest-tumult dreeing,
Whenas descendeth Jove in water and wind,
At door his mistress keeps
Closed on his pleasure till for pain he sleeps.

VI.

How canst fro' fear refrain,
Fear lest so coying, sdeignful dalliance
Nemesis (wont to rein
Mad pride and farthest flights of esperance)
Visit with vengeful ire
And 'gainst thee Amor's fiercest anger fire?

VII.

See Flora fair and lief;
Rich with the robberies of a thousand sighs,
Still wailing for the Chief
Who there, at last, in Thessaly vanquisht lies,
And was so famed by Fame
Rome gave him altars and a saintly name.

VIII.

See her in Lesbos born,
Whom highest psaltery garrèd honour-rife;
An for her sake forlorn
Were many, yet she lost her dearest life,
Down-leaping stones whose stain
Is being latest cure of Lover's pain.

IX.

She, for the chosen Youth
In whom the threefold Graces showed their guile,
Whom Venus hid in growth
Of lettuce-garden for her loving while,
Wi' Death's cold ague paid
The lives for many miserable made.

X.

And, seeing herself so left
By him for whom she left so many a Fere,
She rusht, of hope bereft,
To fling her down the Leap infamely dear:
For Unlove's evil knows
'Tis gain of Life when Life away it throws.

XI.

"Take me, fierce waves! nor spare:
Take me, since other left me lorn and lone!"
She spake and cleaving air
Down sprang in wrath from high altarial stone.
Lend aidance thou, suave
Love! aid thou, heavenly Bird that swayst the wave!

XII.

Take her on either wing,
Unhurt, unperilled, Boy compassionate!
Before her form she fling
In these fere waters olden flame to 'bate.
A Love so high is digne
To live and aye be loved for peregrine.

XIII.

Nay! Reason bids she be
For she-wolves fancy-free who Love would vend,
'Sample, wherein they see
That all who prisoners take be tane at end:
Thus doth the deme record
Nemesis, deeming Love of all be Lord.

ODE V.

Nunca manhãa suave

(To an unvenal Fair: last of the Edit. Princ.).

I.

No Morn so clear, so bright
Dispreading radiance o'er the terrene Round,
That followeth gruesome night
With darksome tempest glooming seas profound,
E'er gladdened Ship that saw herself fast bound
For the dread deeps of brine,
As me the lovely lightings of those eyne.

II.

That charm of Formosure,
In every eye-glance shining brightest sheen;
Whereby the shades obscure
Don light and every meadow dons new green;
Whene'er my thoughts see melancholick scene,
She and her living spell
Grief's every darkling cloud fro' me dispel.

III.

My breast, wherein you bide,
Were for so great a weal a vase too wee:
And when you turn aside,

Those eyne that scanty value deal to me,
Then, gentle Ladye! Such a fire I dree
Of life-consuming ray
As feels the Moth who lamp-ward wings his way.

IV.

Had I Souls thousand-fold,
For those all-lovely eyne fit sacrifice,
All that could find a hold
My hand would hang to lashes of those eyes;
And, in that clear pure Vision taught to arise,
Each would (tho' small of worth)
In your Eye-babes behold renewèd birth.

V.

And you, who fancy-free
Now fare unheeding my so mournful moan,
Circled by Souls of me,
Could not withdraw your eyne fro' where they wone;
Nor could it be (amid them seeing your own)
But that they show such grief
That must a single Soul make loving-lief.

VI.

Yet, as the burning breast
Can lodge one spirit only, fairest Faire!
Enough one love you best
As though a myriad-fold your lovers were.
So shall the dolours of its ardent flame
Work with such main and might,
You nill in cinders see your ownest sprite.

ODE VI.

Póde hum desejo immenso
(How Absence breedeth Desire).

I.

A Love-desire immense
Can so enfire the breast
Een the live Spirit melts with heat intense
Depuring every stain of terrene vest;
And purifying Sprite so raised, so lit
Wi' deathless eyes divine
That make her read the line she sees not writ.

II.

For flames that heavenward tend
Sent forth such luminous ray,
That if exalted wish to weal extend
It seeth, as never saw it, clearest day;
And there it views long-sought Original,
Live hues and grace refine'd
Of costlier kind than aught corporeal.

III.

Then, O, example clear
Of Beauty's portraiture,
Which from so far I note, and see so near

In Soul, this wish doth elevate and depure;
Deem not mine eyes such Image ne'er may sight,
That form man ne'er could know
Were he not 'vantaged mo'e than human wight.

IV.

For an absented eyes
In you behold not blent
Compast proportions, and surpassing dyes
Of blushing purity, pudent, excellent;
Charms which the speaking painture, Poesy,
Limned heretofore in lays
That mortal charms bepraise as mortals see:

V.

An they the locks ne'er sight
The vulgar 'title gold;
And never see those eyne of brightest light,
The Sun's own treasures as we singers hold;
Unless they sight that miracle of brow
To whom shall men declare
Owe semblance rare the Chrystal, Rose and Snow?

VI.

They see attonce grace pure,
A light severe, elate,
Reflected ray of heavenly Formosure,
Soul-stamped and from the Soul reverberate;
As chrystal-mirror, struck by solar beam,
That doth around it shed
The sparks it cherishèd in clearer stream.

VII.

And the grave mien they see,
With the glad lively vein,
Which be commingled with such quality
That one from other nowise can be tane;
Nor can that gladness cease to breed a fear,
However soft and suave,
Nor sadness, howso grave, be aught but dear.

VIII.

Of Sense, unstained by guile,
They see high splendid powers
Sweetened by softest heart-delighting smile,
Whose fair disclosure clothes the mead with flowers;
The Voice so low, so soft, the discreet words
Whose breath of musick binds
The hastiest winds and highest soaring birds:

IX.

The glancing of her eyes,
Felling whereso it fall,
Of which no genius fitly can devise
If due to Artifice or Chance did all;
Presence whose graceful pose and pliant lines,
Whose gait, whose walk, whose geste
Teach Beauty, well exprest by Beauty's signs.

X.

That something n'ote I what
Aspiring n'ote I how,
Soul-vision sees when visible 'tis not,

But knowledge never had the power to know;
Nor all that Tuscan Poësy, whose might
Phœbus doth more restore;
Nor Beatrix nor Laura showed such sight:

XI.

In you this age of ours
Ladye! such marvel 'spies,
If Genius, Science, Art might own such powers,
Which to your beauty's excellence could rise,
Such as I saw to sore long exile driven,
Such as afar I see.
These wings to Thought of me Desire hath given!

XII.

Then if Desire refine
A soul such flames inflame,
Thro' you it win some particule divine;
I'll sing an unsung song to hail your name
That Bætis hear me and the Tyber vaunt:
For, our clear Tage I view
With somewhat sombre hue roll dissonant.

XIII.

Enamel now the dale
No flowers, but spike and spine
Its forms deform; and seemeth me there fail
Ears for my singing, for your beauties eyne.
But, work whatever wills the World's vile will,
The Sun within you beaming
With brightest streaming light black night shall fill.

ODE VII.

A quem darão de Pindo as Moradoras,
(To D. Manoel de Portugal, friend and poet).

I.

For whom shall weave the Mays on Pindus woning,
Lere-taught and fairest-fair,
Bloom-wreaths to deck the hair
With bay triumphant or with myrtle green;
With glorious palm who never may misween
Her boast of high renown,
Whose spiring height no mighty weight bows down?

II.

To whom shall offer, lapt in delicate skirts,
Her roses ruddy Chloris,
Her shell-lets snow-white Doris;
Those land-born blooms, these buds of Ocean-bed,
Aureate and argent, white and nectar-red,
With dance and choir and song
Where lovely Napeæ meet the Nereid throng?

III.

To whom shall offer odes, canzons, and hymns
Fro' Theban home Amphion,
So. Fro' Lesbos-land Orion,

Save as your offerings, by whose wit we see
Unto our long forgotten poesy
Honour and gloire restore'd
Dom Manoel de Portugal, my Lord!

IV.

Following the footprints trod by bygone spirits,
High, gentle, royal race,
You with kind honour grace
My lowly genius, high in zeal and bold.
You for Mæcenas I enfame and hold,
And consecrate your name
Will I, if aught of power my verse shall claim.

V.

My rough rude Cantos (that new life bestow
On many an honoured tomb,
On palms Time robbed of bloom
Won by our Lusia's sons, in war sans-peers,
As hoarded treasury of the future years)
Seek you, my song's defender
From Lethe-law that gars all fame surrender.

VI.

In this your tree with honour dight and glory
A stem of strength renowned
My blooming ivy found
Stay for my worth hereto esteemèd mean:
For higher climbing here 'twould rest and lean;
And you with it shall rise
High as you raise its branchlets to the skies.

VII.

Ever had mortal Genius peregrine
Fortune and Chance for foes;
That high as he arose
By single arm on wings of Fame upborne,
So with that other arm man's hate and scorn
Weighed down his flight, to dree
The vile oppression of Necessity.

VIII.

But high-exalted hearts of empery digne,
Commanding aventùre,
Were pillars aye secure
Of the "Gaye Science": such Octavian,
The Scipio, Alexander, Gratian,
Whom deathless we behold;
Such you our century goldening with your gold.

IX.

Then long as o'er the world sonorous lyres
In world-esteem abound,
For doct and jocund sound;
And while our Tagus and our Douro bear
Breasts dear to crisp-haired Mart, and Phœbus fair,
No fall your fame befall
My Lord, Dom Manoel de Portugal!

ODE VIII.

Aquelle unico Exemplo,
(Recommending D. Garcia d'Orta to Viceroy Count of Redondo).

I.

That sole and single sample
Of Hero-daring, godlike bravery
Which merited, in temple
Of Fame eternal, sempiternal day;
Great son of Tethys, who for years full ten
Scourgèd the miserable Trojan men:

II.

No less of glory gainèd
For herbs and medicìnal policy,
As dextrous and long-trainèd
In prowest exercise of soldiery:
This wise the hands that death to many gave
Gave life to many, strong to slay and save.

III.

Nor disregarded aught
That fere and doughty Youth no fear could tame;
Of arts to mortals taught
By beardless Phœbus for the languid frame;
And if a dreadful Hector could he kill
Eke deadliest wounds were healèd by his skill.

IV.

He with such arts was dight
By his half-human Master wise and old,
Whence grew so strong his sprite
In virtue, science, counsels manifold,
That well knew Telephus, wounded by his steel,
The hand that harmèd was the hand to heal.

V.

Thus you, O excellent
And most illustrious County! Heaven's own gage
Given us to represent
For present ages past heroic age;
In whom transmewed your forbears' memories,
Honours and glories to new life arise:

VI.

Albe your thoughts be bent
On warfare busièd, with hard campaign,
Or with sanguinolent
Taproban or Achem who haunts the Main,
Or with our hidden foe, Cambayan fere;
Who each and every quakes your name to hear:

VII.

Yet aid that olden lore
Learnèd Achilles held in high repute;
Look! that becomes you more
To see how fruiteth in your days the fruit
Set by that Hortulan (Orta), lief to show
New herbs and simples herbalists unknow.

VIII.

Look ! in your Viceroy-years
An Hortulan produceth many an herb
Fro' fields the Hindu ears,
Which e'en those witches of their wits superb,
Medea and magick Circe, never saw
However learned the twain in Magian law.

IX.

And see, how heavy-fraught
Wi' years and burthen of experience-lore,
An old Man science-taught
By Muses haunting learned Ganges-shore,
In Podalirius' subtle sylvan spell
Chiron (Achilles' master) doth excel.

X.

The same implores with stress
Your aid his valued volume not voluminous
May see the light of press,
And rain on physick radiance new and luminous ;
And surest secrets to our ken betray
Hid from all Antients of the classic day.

XI.

Thus may you not deny
One who your kindly aura would secure :
For an your name soar high
In bloody warfare with the Turk and Moor,
Aid one that aideth man with Death to fight ;
And with the hero Greek's your name be hight.

ODE IX.

Fogem as neves frias
(The Seasons, a Morality: Horace, Odes IV. 7).

I.

Frore snow-wreaths fade away
From the tall mountains, when their greens re-show
Dark trees in Prime's array;
Now emerald herblets grow
Weaving a thousand hues for meads that glow.

II.

Bland Zephyr breathes desires;
And now his shaft to sharpen Love has tane;
Prognè her woe suspires,
Philomel plains again
And skies bin love-sick seeing Earth's young plain.

III.

Now beauteous Cytherèa
Comes girt by nymphly choir she loves to guide;
Comes, eke, white Pasithèa
In naked beauty's pride
By the twin Sisters aye accompanied.

IV.

And while 'tis Vulcan's care
The Cyclops' forges (as he wont) to heat,
Plucking pied daisies fare
The Nymphs, who singing sweet
O'er Earth a-tiptoe skim with tripping feet.

V.

Downs from her ruggèd hill
Dian, now wearied of the coverture,
Seeking that glassy rill
Where Fortune's doom so dure
Robbed from Actæon's form man's use and ure.

VI.

So pass as passing breath
The greeny Springtide and the Summer dry;
And Autumn entereth;
Then Winter frore draws nigh
Who like the lave shall, certès, age and die:

VII.

Shall blanch to wan and pale
Yon sun-parcht Mountain robing sleet and snow;
And Jove with rains that rail
Shall foul the fountain's flow;
Seamen shall fear Orion, ferest foe:

VIII.

All passeth to the Past
Consistent quality Time never won :
Our Life, not made to last,
Fades and so fast shall run
The course hath ended ere 'tis well begun.

IX.

Where be the sons of Troy,
Pious Æneas, Hector brave and bold?
The strong years could destroy
Thee, Crœsus! famed of old
Nor thee availèd aught thy hoarded gold.

X.

Thou heldest whole content
In heapèd ore and pride of treasure vain!
O false Intendiment!
Whereof at cost of bane
Thou didst believe sage Solon's counsel sane.

XI.

What Goods we here procure
Endure not, howso firm, and fixt and high :
What Good shall aye endure
Is ot another dye,
Short-livèd Life for hour of Death lays by.

XII.

For naught in fine, avails
Against one terrible ending, Night eternal;
E'en the chaste Deëss fails
To illume wi' light supernal
Hippolyte, whelmed in sombre shades Avernal.

XIII.

Nor Theseus' hero-might,
By dint of cunning rede or hardihed,
Could free the daring sprite
Of Pirith from the dread
Lethèan dungeon trod by misty Dead.

ODE X.

Aquelle Moço fero

(Excusing his love for a slave-girl).

I.

That Youth so fierce and fere
Whom in the Pelethronian caverns trainèd
The Centaur-sage severe;
Whose breast of force unfeignèd
Was fed by draughts fro' dug of Tygress drainèd:

II.

Her Babe in wave of Styx
The Mother bathes presàging future sure,
That steel shall ne'er transfix
The Hero-bosom dure,
Which for itself makes self the strongest mure.

III.

She hardeneth flesh and bone,
That of all weapons 'scape he bane and blight:
Blind! who had never known
There may be wounds of sprite
More torturing far than what robs life and light.

IV.

For while his arm of wrath
The Trojan targe and harness tore in two,
There fand he sudden scath
Of steel-point ground anew
By the one Boy who all to all can do.

V.

There self he saw the thrall
Of the fair thrall he servèd and adore'd;
There live he saw his fall,
In lowe that lively roar'd
For she had waxt the Ladye of her Lord.

VI.

Now the soft lyre he plies
Wi' hands the mighty Pelian spear had sway'd;
There sings to sound of sighs,
Not as the Greybeard bade
But as the Boy his eyne so blindèd made.

VII.

Then how shall mortals blame
One who a victim to the hopes and fears
O' Love from birth became?
Who e'en in cradle-years
Was doomed to bear the wound each mortal bears?

VIII.

Whose childhood was design'd
To be subjècted aye by stronger hest,
And, for a lover blind
From earliest days imprest,
Was doom'd to bathe in tears his tender breast?

IX.

Gi'en wound, parforce, he dree
By herbal powers or points that never swerve;
An Love be served that he
His lovely servant serve
Say then for whom my Star shall me reserve?

X.

That form of sculptured grace;
That airy swaying gait, that compast mien;
That delicate clear-cut face,
That form which gars us ween
Beauty from Art may learn, on Art may lean,

XI.

How, then, can fail his Fate
To conquer one who owneth eyes to see?
Whom shall not penetrate
That geste's sweet subtlety
He claims no praise for faring fancy-free.

XII.

They whose high-priviledged breasts
Destiny deckt with science' brightest shine,
Humblest obeyed the hests
Of the vain Boy sans eyne
Struck down by phrenesy and rage divine.

XIII.

The far-famed Hebrew king,
Who more than others learnt Love's lovely lore;
Nay, who false offering
To alien Love-gods bore,
If much he knew and had, but erred he more.

XIV.

And the high Sage who taught
Sophia's secrets pacing wisdom's place,
To low-born Leman, bought
By Hermias (eunuch base),
Raisèd those altars only gods should grace.

XV.

Raised altars to his love
That high philosopher, by Love bemusèd,
Fame aye shall him reprove;
He cries he is ill-usèd
And of a lèse-divinity accusèd.

XVI.

Now from his wone he flies,
Now shall long exile dreadful sin atone.
But O! what griefs arise:
Right well such sin hath shown
That learnèd hearts be not of steel and stone.

XVII.

Nay, in the mightiest mind,
In subtlest blood, in genius most elect,
Him we shall fittest find
Subject to be subjèct
Who bland Affection's brand doth most affect.

ODE XI.

Naquelle tempo brando
(The loves of Peleus and Thetis).

I.

In the soft Prime that shows
Of earth-born beauty fairest portraiture,
When Tethys in repose
From winter-toil recovers fair and pure,
Love wearièd the breast
Of youthful Peleus doomed to love's unrest.

II.

With forceful flight in fear
His lovely Nymph had fled herself to save,
When in the rainy year,
Notus enraged upstirs the clear blue wave,
Heaping with hills the main
That kisses hill-heads studding earthly plain.

III.

The Youngling hope had nurst
In grief profound that weighèd down his sprite,
Some day when Phœbus first
Showèd the vernal world his burning light,
Loosing the locks of gold
Which love-sick Clytie doth a threasury holds.

IV.

'Twas in the month when deigneth
Apollo 'twixt the heavenly Twins pass time;
When Eolus unreineth
His Winds, that Earth's fair season of pastime
Quiet and silent prove;
When all obligeth and all conquereth Love.

V.

The luminous day of May
Awoke man's bodily sense, by Love's behest,
To blind idolatry
That most aggrieves and most contents the breast;
Wherein the Boy born blind
A god approveth him to mortal mind:

VI.

Whenas that lovely Nymph,
Girt by half-goddess bevy venerand,
Within the chrystal lymph
Suitable bath for chrystalline body fand;
Which in wave shadowèd viewing
She joyèd, oft and oft the view renewing;

VII.

The bosom diamantine
Upon whose snowy fountain Love is fed;
The gesture peregrine
Whose glories light upon the night-tide shed;
The mouth, of grace a store,
Which Love with all his loves provoketh more;

VIII.

The rubins red and bright;
The pearls concealèd by the living rose
In gardens of delight,
On those so lovely cheeks Heaven grew and grows;
And that diaphanous neck
Jealousing Daphne for Apollo's sake;

IX.

The subtle glance that deign
Those eyne which dazzle Love wi' daze of love;
Love, who in pride of pain
For aye refuseth from their sight remove,
For there he ever lies,
A Babe that sports with Babies of her eyes;

X.

The threads released fro' plait,
Gold-threads far more than gold we covetize,
Where Cupid loves to net
Man's heart for ever 'tangled in their plies,
And where begins desire
Immeasurable, like unquenchable Fire.

XI.

The Youth, who Peleus hight
Had loaned from Neptune's lips a counsel shrewd,
Seeing Heaven on Earth alight,
Deëss to beauteous womanhood transmew'd,
Stood for a moment dumb
For Love forbade a word to utterance come.

XII.

In fine, when near he'd view
Who doomèd him afar such weird to dree,
Sight from his eyes withdrew
Love, who for purest love no sight could see:
Self he saw mute and blind
By force of Love who tyrants o'er mankind.

XIII.

Now would he ready make
For battle, now he dares provoke the fight;
Then counsel would he take;
Now tremblings shake him, then he thinks of flight;
When with a second shaft
He feels his breast transfixt by Cupid's craft.

XIV.

Attonce the Youth aspires
To 'flame whence came the flame his bosom brent;
And in high-flamed desires
The nearer faring more his eyne are blent;
And sightless and deep sighing
At the fair Damsel speeds his arrow flying.

XV.

So 'venged was Peleus' grame
And, from the couple joined in lover-joy,
The great Larissan came
All hopes of Phrygian fancy to destroy;
Whom fro' war's harm to save
His mother dippèd in the Stygian wave.

ODE XII.

Já a calma nos deyxou

(Same subject as Ode IX.).

I.

Now Summer-suns have left us
Flowerless the margent where sweet water flows;
Now heat and drought have 'reft us
Of candid lily and of rubicund rose:
Far fly fro' fiery beams the birds, to hide
In cool asyla of the nook and nide.

II.

The tall-topt beeches sway
Whene'er the sea-breeze new refreshment brings;
And dedal rocks make way
For liquid chrystal railed by murmurous springs:
The drops, fro' stones of snowy hue dispread,
Bedew the meadows pearl-enamellèd.

III.

Already tired of chase
The chaste Titanick May seeks copsey screen,
Where, strown in shadowy place,
She 'joyeth restful slumber on the green;
And o'er her wealth of wavy fair-faxt hair
The forest raineth treasures rich and rare.

IV.

The skies no darkness gloomèd
Displayed their sempiternal starry light;
And o'er the meadow bloomèd
Florets of gold and red and gleaming white,
Gladding the grove, and gladdening the mountain,
The sea, the tufted treen, the stream, the fountain.

V.

But when that Youngling's sign,
Jupiter's eagle for his god did reave,
In Zodiack's chrystalline
Visit of Clytie's lover shall receive,
The grove shall sadden, saddened wax the mountain,
The stream, the tufted treen, the sea, the fountain.

VI.

The main whose peaceful flowing
Invites his snowy Nereïdès to roam,
Right soon shall change to showing
A waste of spumy spray and fretted foam:
The fierce hot fury of the boreal blast
In wild upheaval all the Deep shall cast.

VII.

'Tis Nature-law that Time
(All-legier Time) shall thus his course permute:
Succeed to lovely Prime
Rich fruity Fall-tide; snows succeed the fruit;
And thus in line aligned shall Time recall
Summer and Winter-tide and Prime and Fall.

VIII.

All must, in fine, see change
Whate'er Sol vieweth, whatso gilds his light;
None may securely range
Thro' what fair day-tide maketh glad and bright:
For man conditions change as change the years,
Calm-spells, and shifting states, and hopes and fears.

IX.

Only mine Enemy
To change her dour conditions never deigns;
That all the world may say
She breaketh code of laws that all o'erreigns;
She, only she, for ever nilleth see me,
Or to flee Love, or for my love to flee me.

X.

Right sufferable 'twere
She only for my slaying firmness show,
Were I not fully 'ware
That eke my Nature change must undergo;
Since bear I ever heart withouten rest
Ever by glooming thunder-cloud opprest.

XI.

Ever I feel extremes,
The fears Love sends for lasting tormentize;
Two ever-flowing streams,
Drawn from these eyne by Love who haunts her eyes,
Down flow, nor Summer-softness can create
Change for such asperous ill-conditioned state.

XII.

Sol, that serene and pure
For ever shineth on the 'splendent face,
Enwrapt in cloak obscure
Of sad oblivion masks his every trace;
Leaving my wretched Life in wretched night
Never, ah never! perst by Prime's new light.

XIII.

But, be whate'er may be,
For me shift Nature to all ban and bane;
Die Love's inconstancy;
Inconstant Fortune constancy maintain;
Let every changeful thing against me range
Firm to mine incept I will never change.

ODE XIII.

Fôra conveniente

(To Dom Antão de Noronha).

I.

It would convene I were
Another Petrarch or a Garcilass',
Or that I boldly dare
With largest pace to pass,
Where peaketh Holy Helicon or Parnasse;
Or that my Sprite inspire
Apollo lending graces peregrine,
Or that in skies still higher
The Fountain Caballine
I seek, and drain what Draught makes man divine:

II.

Or, leastwise, could I rear
My rank to reckon me with them whose lays,
Here in our Lusian sphere,
Won wreaths of blessed bays
Fro' him who lordeth o'er the Lord of Days,
That I in fearless tone
Venture my Muse's message to impart
To yours, on whom alone
The Sisters nine of Mart
Lavisht perfection of their perfect art.

III.

To you, by whom increaseth
Our Lusian glory to so high degree,
That in sad Mantua ceaseth
Virgilian memory
And all her feats unrecks haught Hespery:
You who made harsh and hoarse
The Thracian lyre's sonorous melodies;
Who could assume parforce
The Delphick exercise
And to Minerva's privilege could rise:

IV.

To you, whose exploits glorious,
In olden ages as in modern age,
Guerdon of bays victorious
He grants as meetest wage
Whoso hath feeling for Thalia's page;
To you, whose fame I sighted
Through Garamantick Desert-wolds extending,
The light that Sun hath lighted
O'er 'nobled earth resplending
By you is quencht, a light in darkness ending.

V.

To you, the first Aurore
Which seconds Sol, and lights but little less,
And shall forget some hour
That such forgetfulness
Haply your growth continuous mote oppress:

By no means I confide
To show my labours, for of you I trow
You have for self affied
A worth the prowest prow,
And I to show it show I know not how.

VI.

Yet 'tis my wish and will
To obey your orders, for I see full plain
A name more honoured still
I by obeying you gain
Than sin I showing poor and scanty vein.

* * * * *

ODE XIV.

Tão crua Ninfa, nem tão fugitiva
(A Variant of Ode II. in Canzon form).

I.

Fair Nymph so cruel and so fain to flee
Ne'er trod wi' foot of fay
The greeny grass, nor pluckèd flowers snow-white,
Loosing her shimmering locks of golden hue
To winds which knit sweet knots our eyne to tie;
Nor aught so fair, so lovely, so discreet
As this my fondest Foe.

II.

Whatso in living wight we never see
Nor worlds can e'er display,
In her the primest show hath Nature pight
And with two lasting gifts did her indue,
Chaste Soul, fair Form, and while that dooms me die,
This, with its sweet and gracious charms replete,
Softeneth every blow.

III.

But this fair Feral thing, whose cruelty
Stealeth my joys away,

Would pay offences that her praise indite
(Praise sung in manner of her worth undue);
For an the praisèd theme be thing so high
What shall I say that mote for her be meet,
In verse or prose so low?

IV.

That light which robbèd Sol of radiancy
And blinded me to day,
That glance of Eyne which did me such despight
And from its bland and blessed treasures drew
That low sweet laugh which forced my sprite to fly;
These drive desire to greet all pains and weet
A thrift in every throe.

V.

From the fair Eyne live fires came flaming free,
Whose soul-consuming ray
Fed on the fuel your disfavours light,
Burning my bosom-core with yearnings new;
Whose end for greater grief must higher stye
With the false Esperance and the dear Deceit
I follow will or no.

VI.

This my-your Spirit, seeing captivity
Where God made free the way,
'Plains loud complaint of Eyne that stole my sight
And the clear peregrine beam with blame I view;
But soon their gentle lights my rescue buy,
And your redeeming glances, gracious-sweet,
Make Soul unsay her woe.

VII.

Ne'er in this mortal world a She there be
Her Maker did array
With greater marvel 'mid his marvels dight,
Creature of such Creator digne as you:
God nills, my Ladye! see you graceless-coy;
This hapless soul He wills you fair entreat
Which risks for you o'erthrow:

L'ENVOI.

Biddeth me bear these rigorous Pains unmeet
The worth to Worlds you show.

SEXTINES.

SEXTINE I.

Fogeme pouco a pouco a curta vida,

Little by little flies my short of Life,
An it perchance be true that still I live;
Flits fast fleet-footèd Time before these eyes;
I weep the passèd; and, the while I speak,
By pace and pace days pass fro' me and pass;
Fast fares, in fine, mine age, remains my pain.

What noyous manner this of asperous pain!
When showed no single hour so long a Life
Wherein a single pace my sorrows pass.
What more amounteth an I die or live?
Wherefore, in fine, weep I? And wherefore speak
An I may never 'joy mine ownest eyes?

O lovely, gentle, clearest of clear eyes,
Whose absence worketh me the painfullest pain,
What "but" and "if" abide in what I speak!
But an at finish of so long-short Life
You still inflame me with a lowe so live,
I will as welfare hold what ill I pass.

But well I weet that first the latest Pass
Shall come, and close for aye these tristful eyes
Ere Amor show me those for which I live.
Witness this ink and pen that tell my pain,
Ever inditing of so blight-full Life,
The least I passèd and the most I speak.

O ! wis I nowise what I write or speak !
For an fro' one to other thought I pass,
I see me 'prisoned in so parlous Life,
That if empowered me not that power of eyes,
Ne'er could I fancy whatso pen my pain
Could e'er transcribe, this pine wherein I live.

My Sprite continuous burns with lowe alive;
Which, were 't not cooled and quencht by what I speak,
Had brent to cinders pen that told my pain:
But whatso direst dule I dree and pass,
It is entempered by my tearful eyes,
Whence, though Life fly, yet finisht not is Life.

I die in Life
And yet in Death I live;
I see sans eyes
And sans a tongue I speak;
And jointly ever pass
Thro' glory blent wi' pain.

SEXTINE II.

A culpa de meu mal so tem meos olhos
(Of doubtful authorship).

The blame of all mine ills should bear mine eyes
For giving Amor entrance to my soul,
That so I forfeit inborn liberty.
But who hath force to fly a bane so bland
Which after placing man in fatalest ills,
Guerdons with gift to lose for her his Life?

Forfares he little whoso forfeits Life
For dure condition and for dove-like eyes;
Sithence of so fierce quality bin mine ills
The smallest toucheth me in soul of soul.
Ne'er let him self ensnare wi' show so bland
In whomso lingereth love of liberty.

Robber is she that robs all liberty
(And would to Heaven she pardon tristful Life!)
She who her lying Love calls truthful-bland,
Ay, rather enemies mine than friendly eyes!
What harm had ever wrought you this your soul
That so you harm it with such host of ills?

Now greater grow with every day these ills;
Now perish all of àntique liberty,
To Amor be transformed this tristful soul;
Now every harm endure this harmless Life;
For all my losses pay me these mine eyes
When seen (if seen) in others show of bland.

But how can anything in them be bland
When they be causers of so causeless ills?
'Twas Love's deception that my falsèd eyes
View, for most gainful loss, lost liberty.
Now have I nothing giveable save my Life,
An gave he not his Life who gave his soul.

What may he dare to hope who made his soul
Eternal captive of a Being so bland;
Which, when she dealeth Death, declares 'tis Life?
Parforce I loudly cry in these mine ills
"Mine Eyes, through you, by you when liberty
I lost, of you I will complain, mine Eyes!"

Beweep, mine Eyes;
For aye the harms of soul;
Since ye give liberty
Unto a Being so bland
Which, to give more of ills,
Gives more of Life.

SEXTINE III.

Oh triste, oh tenebroso, oh cruel dia,

O triste, O tenebrous, O terrible Day!
That burst the dawn-womb only for my loss!
How haddest power to part me from her sight
Wherefore I livèd with mine Ill content?
Ah, would thou wert the latest of my Life,
Then had with thee begun my boast and glory!

But, as I ne'er was born to gain me glory,
Save glorious pain that groweth day by day,
To me the Heavens denay an end of Life,
Lest with my Life-tide end my let and loss:
And, that I nevermore enjoy content
The Heavens withdrew from sight o' me that sight.

Dearest, delicious, heart-delighting Sight,
Whence hung all trophies of my boast and glory,
Wherefore in woefullest woes I fand content;
When shall it be that I shall see the day
Wherein I cease to see so grave a loss,
And when shall leave me this so woeful Life?

How shall I long for length of human Life,
Parted from her of more than human sight,
Which bent to boast and brave my let and loss!
I see me wholly lost when lost her glory;
My Night already lacketh all its Day;
All see I saddest; nothing gives content.

Sans thee I never more can see content,
I feel sans thee scant covetise of Life;
Sans thee no more I see a gladsome day
Nor, thee unseeing, I desire the sight;
Only in seeing thee was seen my glory,
To unsee thy glory is to see my loss.

I saw no grander glory than my loss,
When could my loss afford thee aught content:
Now what torments me most is grandest glory
Amor can promise me in mortal Life;
Since he may never give thee back to sight
Which fand in only thee the light of day.

And as fro' day to day
But grows my loss,
I may not sans that sight
Abide content,
And only loss of Life
Shall gain me glory.

SEXTINE IV.

Sempre me queixarei desta crueza

Aye will I plain me of this cruelty
Love pleased on me to lavish whenas Time,
Despite my tristful horny-hearted Fate,
Cared for mine evil to procure a cure,
My sight departing from that all-dear Sight
Which made me happy in my hapless Life.

O that had followèd my life her Life,
So had I never felt such cruelty,
As seeing parted fro' my life her sight!
And God be pleasèd that the self of Time
Ne'er see in me (sans care to ken a cure)
A sprite despairing, whelmed by tristful Fate.

Nathless end now my triste and cruel Fate!
Now end my term, my lave, of tristful Life,
Which hath in naught save Death a perfect cure.
To let me live were cruellest cruelty,
Sithence must I despair that any time
I mote return to see that sweetest Sight.

Hard Love! if only would repay such sight
What evils wrought me for thy sake my Fate,
Why wouldest see her torn fro' me by Time?
And, if such will were thine, why leave me Life,
Left but to see such crave of cruelty,
When in unseeing see I only cure?

Thou of my dolours wast mine only cure,
Thou douce, delicious, sight-delighting Sight:
Sans thee, what shall I sight save cruelty?
Sans thee, what guerdon shall bestow me Fate
Save free consentment that conclude my Life?
Yet of my death Fate but defers the time.

I find why flying wings were dealt to Time,
Who with his flying brings to many a cure;
He flies for all, yet flies not for my life.
What thing of Life want I without thy Sight?
And what can want my miserable Fate
Forbidding Time to end such cruelty?

Ne'er can her cruelty,
  Ne tedious Time,
Ne force o' Fate,
  Ne fatal fault o' cure,
Gar me forget this Sight
  In a' my Life.

SEXTINE V.

Quanto tempo ter posso amor de vida

How long shall I be lief to live my Life
Unseeing that gladsome Light so rare, so fair,
O' those all-gracious, all-delightsome orbs?
An Time long coming be, then come my Death
And part for ever from this hapless frame
This mine enamoured miserable soul.

Whenas her Eyne were made of this my soul
The light, the guide, the boast! the fame, the life,
It was ordainèd Life should fly my frame
Unseen the lovèd Sight so rare, so fair;
Then why delays me now this dallying Death
When 'tis so long I see not those fair orbs?

Ye clearest sunshine-rays! ye radiant orbs
Who keep the tway-fold keys of this my sprite,
An I may never sight you, take me Death
For (you unseen) my days be Death-in-Life,
And (you unseeing) find I Death so fair:
May not one hour o' Life possess my frame!

Ever the fondest Hope sustains my frame
I yet return to see you, doucest orbs!
For, did not Hope re-tell a tale so fair,
My soul had fled her frame, my frame its soul:
Then, if to this and that you be the Life,
What can they have withouten you but Death?

Fares tholing many a mode and form o' Death
Meanwhile this perishable tristful frame;
And, if I tremble wholly to lose Life,
'Tis for I fear to lose you, lovely orbs!
This be the single hindrance why my soul
'Parts not to see another life more fair.

Thou gracious Light serene, so clear, so fair,
That dealst me jointly dole of Life and Death,
And with thy radiance limnedst in this soul
The rare perfections of a lovely frame,
Until resee thy sight my tristful orbs
Ne'er shall in me be found the gust of Life.

Life lacking you is Death
  And Death is Life;
Sadness is ever fair
  In these sad orbs;
And weighs my soul
  Upon my mortal frame.

APPENDIX I.

NOTES ON THE LYRICS OF CAMOENS.

Section I.—Of the Camonian Sonnet.
Section II.—Of the Camonian Canzon.
Section III.—Of the Camonian Ode.
Section IV.—Of the Camonian Sextine.

APPENDIX I.

NOTES ON THE LYRICS OF CAMOENS.

"IF Camoens had not written his Lusiads, Portugal would have had a Petrarch"—say the Portuguese, and not only the Portuguese. They find in their "Proteus of Poets" the same music of words; the same perfection of form and technique; the same wealth of poetic idiom; the same purity and clarity of thought, and the same echo from the Provence-land.[1] But they also detect more flexibility of mould; more verve and truth to Nature; more repose and even more tenderness; with less glitter and antithesis; and with fewer of those conceits, fancies, and word-plays which are supposed to detract from the "dignity of the tranquil Sonnet." Hence they are fond of comparing No. XIX. of Camoens with No. XVIII. of Petrarch, one of several[2] which suggested the "threne"; and they point out that whilst the Italian descends to the regions of old astronomy, a farrago of classicism, the Portuguese, singing De profundis, from the depths of the heart what goes to the heart (not to the pericardium), appeals to the "man in men,"

[1] One specimen-line will suffice :—

El dous esguar e lo clar ves,
(The douce regard and favour clearly bright,)

might have been written by either bard.

[2] *E.g.* Petrarch, Part II. No. LXXV., especially the tercets.

to the common kinship of humankind. Hence Juromenha proposes to entitle his immortal fellow-countryman "Francis Petrarch Camoens." I should describe him as the greatest Petrarchist in Italianised, and the greatest Portuguese in Portuguese, poetry.

Upon this subject a translator may be called upon to express his opinion. It is hardly possible to look upon Petrarch as aught but the original, the master; and Camoens as the copy, the scholar, who in his Lyrics had so assimilated the genius of the Italian, had so *petrarchised* his poetical self as almost to obliterate individuality. We find all the "Rime" in the "Rhythmas" substantially reproduced, and often merely and purely translated. Every trick of verse reappears, every turn of consonance, assonance, and dissonance; of head-rhyme,[1] mid-rhyme, and end-rhyme; every stock τύπος, image and comparison; cold fire, hot ice, warm snow, soft marble, moist pearl, sweet wormwood, fount-full eyes and bleeding heart; bits of Bible; Fauns and Nymphs of sorts;

Chatter of Progne, Philomena's wail;

ruby and diamond; gold, rose and ivory (both loved blondes); and, briefly, the poetical baggage of that day and of most days. Even such pet words as "peregrine" and "chrystalline" are in common. If Petrarch (Part I. Canzon v.) quote Arnaut Daniel, Camoens (Sonn. CCXCIV.) introduces a line of Petrarch (Canzon I. 16), and a verse from Boscam

[1] As a specimen of head-rhyme Percy and Guest quote the song of A.D. 1264:

Richard, thah thou be euer trichard.

But I prefer with Ritson, "the wretch," to make two lines. So at the end of the same:—

Edward,
Thou dudest as a shreward.

(Sonn. XLIII.). If the Italian bewray Avignon as Babel and Babylon, the Lusitanian applies the unsavoury comparisons to Goa. Briefly, the two Poets often read as one man. Yet it cannot be denied that Camoens borrowed with "new-dressing"; and that many of his loans were "quintessenced in a finer substance."

Petrarch, again, had the advantage of his follower in the musical instrument upon which he played. Italian, despite its "sameness and tameness" of cadence, is simply perfect for the Sonnet, the gift of Sicilian or pre-Dantesque poetry.[1] The chime and carillon of the "little sound" (*suonetto*) were reproduced without "bettering" in Portuguese, while English and German suggest the northern hurdy-gurdy. We readily realise the difference by comparing the first lines of the two Poets,

Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono;

with

Em quanto quis Fortuna que tivesse:

and we see the admirable art of Camoens when he attempts (Sonn. CI.) to echo his master in this wise,

Vós que escutais em Rhythmas derramado.

Finally, the peculiar Italian facility for elision, syncope, and crasis, the result of wearing down consonants and abating aspirates, makes the Petrarchian line fuller and richer than the Camonian. The latter

[1] All literatures begin with dialects, says H. Adolf Gaspary, whose work "*Die Sicilianische Dichterschule des XIII. Jahrhunderts*" (Berlin, 1878) amply deserves study. I cannot understand how Bouterwek tells us (Trans. p. 15): "The form of the Sonnet was also known in the west of Spain and Portugal long before the imitation of Italian Poetry was thought of in those parts of the Peninsula." Does he mean that it came through the Provençal?

lends itself to translation; the former is well-nigh unapproachable.[1]

Camoens, like Shakespeare, never printed his Rhythmas; and here the subject seems to call for a sketch of their birth and accidents. In 1595, fifteen or sixteen years after the Poet's death, D. Gonçalo Coutinho, who built his tomb, determined to publish his Lyrics, the chosen editor being the Licentiate Surrupita.[2] The imprimatur was issued on November 17, and on December 3 appeared the Editio Princeps, a small quarto printed by Estevam Lopez, Lisbon,[3] and "directed" (dedicated) by the printer to his patron, "Coutignius." The Prologo (prefixed to my volume) proves the scrupulous honesty of the editor, who superstitiously retained palpable clerical blunders; for instance, a Sonnet is inscribed to D. Joan IId, instead of IIId, as internal evidence shows.

The Editio Princeps contained only 65 Sonnets,[4] 10 Canzons, 5 Odes, 1 Sextine, 3 Elegies, 3 Octaves (or Estancias), 8 Eclogues, and 76 Redondilhas. Despite the verses being "posthumous and incorrect," the book sold readily, and was followed in

[1] "The Sonnets, &c., of Petrarch" (London, Bell, 1875), is well known to the English reader, but must not be read with Petrarch. The translations are characterised by a truly barbaric wilfulness, and the Canzoni are treated as if the translators had issued a declaration of independence.

[2] Jacinto Cordeiro, in his "Eulogies on the Portuguese Poets" (St. 48), calls him

Fernam Rodrigues Lobo Soropita

(Adam., I. 246). His "Poesias e Prosas" were edited, with Preface and Notes, by Camillo Castello Branco, Porto, 1868.

[3] The Volume, now very rare, is amply noticed by Adam. (II. 270–76), and by Jur. (Vol. II. Pref. p. viii. and Vol. V. 415–420). The British Museum, I am informed by Mr. Aubertin, does not contain a copy.

[4] Adam. (II. 276) makes the number 66; but the 58th was not by Camoens.

1598 by a second issue (P. Crasbeeck Lisbon), in which Estevam Lopes proposed to remedy the blunders of its predecessor. The reprint added 43 Sonnets (a total of 108), 5 Odes, 1 Elegy, and 20 Redondilhas, with the Letters, and the Satyra do Tornéio (Tournament Satire).[1] After a doubtful issue in 1601,[2] appeared the third (or fourth?) Crasbeeckian of 1,500 copies in 1607, and the Preface promised a Second Part, which was delayed till 1616. The editor, Domingos Fernandes, spent seven years in ordering the dispersed pieces, collected even from India at the expense of Bishop (Portalegre) D. Rodrigo da Cunha. This famous "Second Part" (1616) added 41 Sonnets,[3] bringing up the number to 139, 2 Canzons, 2 Odes, 3 Elegies, 1 Octave, and 18 Redondilhas. Here appeared for the first time a 3-canto Poem entitled "Da Creaçam e Composiçam do Homem," a cold allegory ending in a sermon, which still cumbers the Camonian issues, though written by André Falcam de Resende, cousin of the famous antiquary, André de Resende.[4]

M. de Faria y Sousa, "Polyhistor," who boasts (p. 143) of his forty years' study, his thirty printed volumes, and his thirteen folios of rough notes (*en borradores*), began collecting Camonian Lyrics in 1621, published his four tomes (2 vols. fol.) with The Lusiads in 1639, and left as many more on the Rhythmas; these were printed in 1685 and 1689 after his death. Without

[1] There is a copy in the British Museum, a small old-fashioned 4to, 7½ inches × 5, pp. 204, all in italics.

[2] Noted by Adam. and Quill. ("Life," II. 682).

[3] Faria y Sousa (note Sonnet C., p. 191), declares that the "Second Part" added 36 to 66 (102); yet he found the common Editions containing 105.

[4] Jur., III. 516. I translated Canto I., and threw up the ungrateful task. Camoens never wrote a line of the stuff, which is more tedious than Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island, or the Isle of Man" (1 Vol. 4°, 1633).

increasing the number of the dozen Odes, he added 67 Sonnets, making the total 264; with 1 Canzon, 3 Elegies, and 4 Octaves, including the martyrdom of Santa Ursula. And he thus excuses himself for not doing more: "In sundry other manuscripts found by me were Sonnets, Elegies, Octaves, Canzons, and Roundels bearing the name of our Poet; all, however, were so corrupt that, wanting means of restoring them (the originals not being there to enlighten me), and deeming it unright to put my hand to the work without such light, I have wholly omitted them."[1] Meanwhile, in 1668, had appeared Part Three of the Rhythmas, published by Dr. Antonio Alvares da Cunha, *littérateur* and academist; and printed by Ant. Craesbeeck de Mello (Lisbon, 4°). It added 91 Sonnets from the MSS. Collection of Faria y Sousa; 4 Canzons, 3 Sextines, 10 Elegies, and 11 Redondilhas, some of them from the Poet's autograph.[2]

A notable advance was made by Joseph Lopes Ferreira, whose volume containing the Obras (folio: Lisbon, 1720) increased the number of Sonnets from 264 (3,599 lines) to 302 (4,231 lines).[3] He neglected, however, to state whence he had derived the additional 38. Padre Thomáz José de Aquino, who had carefully examined the Arch-commentator's manuscripts when editing, for the Officina Luisiana, the old and respectable house of M. M. Bertrand, the Lisbon reprints (1779 and 1782) of the 4-volume Paris Edition

[1] Rhythmas, Vol. I. p. 356, note on the last Sonnet (No. CCLXIV.), found in MS., and attributed to Dr. Alvaro Vaz. Also Jur., II. 486.

[2] Jur., II. Pref. xi. Also Vol. V. p. 429.

[3] Yet four Sonnets were repeated: No. CI. was the same as CCXXVI.; No. CIII. as CCXVII.; No. CIV. as CCXVIII.; and No. CV. as CCXXXIV. So the Gedron Edit. (Paris, 1759), which gives 314–315 Sonn., contains only 301; no less than 13 being twice printed.

("Gedron") of 1759, added 4 Eclogues, which Diogo Bernardes, the "sweet singer of the Lima," is supposed to have appropriated,[1] and two more, one containing the death of "Natercia." According to Viscount Juromenha, who has adopted this text, the Edition is the completest before his own.

Viscount Juromenha gives a detailed account of the many *ineditas* added to his edition of the Obras.[2] His attention was drawn to the possibility of discovering lost Camonian lyrics by a MS. (XVIIth century) of Dona Cecilia de Portugal, which contained five Sonnets; and, looking over the National Library, he came upon a folio of pp. 296 entitled "Cancioneiro (song-book) wherein are the works of the poets of my time hitherto unprinted, and copied from the papers of the same who composed them: begun in India on the 15th of January, 1557, and ended in Lisbon in 1589 by Luiz Franco Correia, companion in the State of India and very friendly with Luiz de Camões."

This again supplied 34 Sonnets. The third find was a MS. or rather two MSS. bound in one cover, which contained "elegant extracts" from sundry poets, and these yielded eleven. Others of the same date (XVIIth cent.) proved to be "pottles of straw which here and there produced a needle." Thus Viscount Juromenha's Edition (1860–69) brought up the number of Sonnets from 301 to 352 (4,931 lines); the Canzons to 21, the Odes to 14, the Sextines to 5; the Eclogues to 16, and the Elegies to 29. It also printed for the first time the unfinished "Triumphos."

Lastly appeared the "Actualidade" edition. A

[1] I do not propose entering into this complicated and wearisome question, having touched upon it in "Life," &c., p. 33. See Adam., I. 268, &c.

[2] Vol. II. Pref. p. xii., et seq. Vol. V., loc. cit.

Daily of that name established at Oporto (Feb. 1, 1874) offered, by way of "Mensual premium" to its subscribers, cheap, correct and critical reprints of classics, *e.g.* Bocage, Garcia de Resende and other Quinhentistas (Cinquecentists), thus "breaking with the scandalous tradition of Ponson du Terrail and other abjects." Of these there are eight mean little 12-mos. coarsely printed on bad paper but necessary to the Camonian student.[1] The name of the editor does not appear in the volumes but it is well known that the work was by a *littérateur*, "luminous and voluminous," Professor Theophilo Braga.[2]

The "Critical Edition" brought up the Sonnets to 354; the Canzons to 19; the Sextines to 5; the Odes to 13; and the Octaves, including an unnumbered fragment, to 9. The Sonnets were ordered according to date of printing, not of composition;—a chronology would be unsatisfactory and arbitrary as the task of chronologising the Koran. The total is also divided into eight parts.[3]

[1] Porto, Imprensa Portugueza. Number (Vol.) 1 contains the Sonnets; Vol. 2 Canzons, Sextines, Odes, and Octaves; Vol. 3 Elegies and Eclogues; Vol. 4 Eclogues; Vol. 5 Redondilhas and minor pieces; Vol. 6 the Theatre; and Vols. 7 and 8 The Lusiads. The whole is entitled "Bibliotheca da Actualidade, Obras completas de Luiz de Camões, Edição Critica com as mais notaveis variantes, Tomo I. (&c.) Parnaso de Luiz de Camões. As usual in Portugal, it is most carelessly edited, and has not even an index of first lines.

[2] Besides the Vols. alluded to, twelve works (including re-editions) by Snr. Braga are mentioned by my kind correspondent and fellow-translator, Dr. Wilhelm Storck (pp. xviii.–xix., Luis de Camoens, Buch der Lieder und Briefe. Zum ersten Male deutsch von Wilhelm Storck. Paderborn: Schöningh, 1880).

[3] The first Part (Nos. 1–65) is the collection of Lawyer Soropita (Edit. Princeps). No. 2 (66–108) is the addition of Estevam Lopes (1598). No. 3 (Nos. 109–139 = 41) is from Domingos Fernandes (1616). No. 4 (Nos. 140–230 = 92) belongs to D. Antonio Alvares da Cunha (Edit. of Rimas, 1668);

After this much concerning the printer and publisher I propose to consider the Lyrics and their author. Camoens was a son of the buoyant and brilliant age of Merry Europe, when men enjoyed life and "love-making"; and when physical beauty, in either sex, was an object of worship to the priesthood of "Graund' Amour." Courtship, one of the fine arts, preserved the peculiarities derived from Provençal poetry and from the Sicilian Saracens who represented the Bedawi chivalry of the Desert.[1] The *fino amante* still believed in the "Barons of Love," Joy, Comfort, "Curtisie," Presence (the habit of seeing the beloved) and similar allegorical personages in the Courts of Donna Venus and Don Amor; he was a willing subject to the elaborate and artificial system contained in Las Leys d'Amor, Chaucer's Court of Love and Boscam's Court of Jealousy; in the Breviari d'Amor, the Arrêts d'Amour and the Curiæ Dominarum, wherein fair women were judges and juries. Western Europe has well-nigh ceased to understand the very dialect of La Gaia Ciencia, and of all modern tongues our English is perhaps the poorest in terms of fondling and affection—hence the "little language."

"Messen" (En),[2] chivalrous as well as amorous,

F. y S. (No. 5) contributes in Edit. of 1685 a total of 67 (Nos. 231–296). No. 6 of 43 is from the Jur. Edition of Luiz Franco Correia (Nos. 297–338). No. 7 consists of 5 from Dona Cecilia (Nos. 339–343); and Part 8 (Nos. 344–354 = 11) is from the Jur. MSS.

[1] Even in those most material "Thousand Nights and a Night" we read of a "certain accomplished man who was never a day out of love." My coming version will prove this quaint mixture.

[2] "En" = Don (a contraction of Mossen, "my senior"?) is not Catalan nor Limousin (Provençal of Valencia), as supposed by Ticknor (I. 285, 287): it is used by all Troubadours from Italy to Aragon.

was compelled to worship and to write of "Madonna" (Na) in set terms. His motto was

Servir, amar, celar e soffrir.

He engaged in an "affair of heart" as in a campaign (*el amar es militar*); and his mistress was his "dearest foe" to whom, under her Senhal (pseudonym), he addressed the idolatrous expressions known as *Cortezia* and who, being partly abstract, often becomes a mass of contradictions. He must dwell upon her manifold attractions; her beauty, grace, manners and morale; her coyness, her disdain, and especially her fearful cruelty (the Hyrcanian tigress!) and he must compare her with Aurora, with the Morning Star, and with every choicest object in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. The Bestiarium supplies him with picturesque allusions, especially to the Crocodile, the Salamander, the Basilisk, the Phœnix and the Elephant. His language must be perfumed with classicism: his ancient instances are Helen and Paris, Pyramus and Thisbe, Achilles and Narcissus, the latter, strange to say, becoming an indirect symbol of the Saviour—the "real Narcissus" of Doña I. de la Cruz. In mediæval days he must borrow from the Round Table; and, with the "Storie of Alexandre" he must mix up Biblical worthies, Adam and Eve; Jacob, Leah, and Rachael; David, Solomon, and so forth.

"Madonna" is a pattern to the world (without any individuality); she is so high and her vassal is so low that only Baron Truth can bridge over the great gap. Her slave bears her portrait in his heart (or soul); but tongue may not plead his cause though she, possibly, divines his feelings from his confusion of face. Only in dreams can he allow himself the least freedom. He must love with tears and sobs, fear and sorrow; in woeful prison, tortures and death; and the more he

suffers with the less reward the higher is his boast. Thus far it is pure Platonism, human love being a kind of initiation into higher mysteries (Phædrus). But man is man; and Messere, if he had been as true to Dieu as to his Dame, would be a Saint in Paradise; he prefers, however, to love her and to be a sinner with poorish future prospects. He fears nothing but *lauzengiers* and *parlatori* (evil tongues); and he hopes nothing but blank Despair— which, say the Arabs, is one of the two Contentments.

This "Provincialismus," being essentially artificial in love matters, had a narrow range and in any but the deftest hands was tame and cold in the extreme. Its chief merit was that high Ideal, that Religion of Honour which tempered men's hearts for great deeds: even we moderns can appreciate the lesson of these lines:—

> Et que faire me convenoit
> Que vaillant fusse en toute place,
> Et que ma Dame le vouloit.[1]

But presently the Provincials were succeeded by the Italians, perhaps the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative people in Europe. Then Petrarch gave the old theme new life by his objective realism, and Camoens infused into it his manly and practical spirit. This was, however, only the beginning of a change which in our days has carried us far enough.

It so happened that Camoens, like Dante and Petrarch, had his *Platonne;* and, while all three were otherwise much like other men, they made themselves typical in one matter. The elder Italian's mistress, Beatrice, was the spiritual amour of a safely married poet, and became an abstraction—Theology, or active Virtue. Petrarch's poetical heart (he left two illegiti-

[1] That Derring-do became me still,
Valour to prove in every place;
For so my Ladye willed her Will.

mates) was given to an honest housewife, who bare her spouse ten children, or one in every two years. Camoens, after showing his contempt for feminine favours offered to him, loved a Maid of Honour, a class unlikely to produce immortals, a girl about the palace, whose name we hardly know. The affair ruined him, and Ovid (Tristia, 207) explains how :—

Perdiderint cum me duo crimina, carmen et error.

The Arch-commentator contends that this affection was purely platonic, and perhaps it was: circumstances brought about an early severance; the feeling gradually became too impersonal to be impassioned, and ended, after the object's death, with being an "act of the intellect." It affects certain "mysteries," and these, I have said,[1] may have been echoes of Hafiz and the Sufis, who borrowed from Plato a doctrine probably learned during his thirteen years in Egypt. Human beauty is a reflection of the Divine. The torments of physical Love are the fires which purify Thought; and the "tears of love are smiles," ceaseless weeping being its water of baptism. Upon this trite theme no more need be said.

Camoens, like Goethe, was "always falling in love," which some would consider "a great virtue in his character," hence a succession of "Beloveds" appears in his Lyrics. Number One, who first taught him to lay aside his disdain of the sex (Sonn. VII., Canz. II. 6, and VII. 2, and Ecl. II. 36), belongs to the college days at Coimbra, and is pathetically associated with the Mondego's flowery banks (Sonn. CXI. 123; Canz. IV.). Certain passages read as if she were a Franciscan nun, or had afterwards taken the veil (Sonn. CXXIII., CXLIV). The second, "Natercia," or

[1] "Life," I. 103. Hafiz (A.D. 1318–88) was a favourite with the contemporary Shah of Hormuz Island and Coast.

Caterina, de Athaide, the "Dame of the Palace," is repeatedly named (Sonn. LXX., XCVII., CIII., Oct. IV. 12): from many expressions about false faith it would appear that she had given him cause for jealousy, possibly having married during his wanderings.[1] Then comes "Dinamène mine" (Sonn. CLXX., &c.), to whom allusions are frequent: one of our Poet's "planchs" for the loss is exceedingly touching (Sonn. CLXX.). The Arch-commentator suggests (note on Sonnet LVIII.) that her name also was Caterina, that she was a woman of family banished for some indiscretion to the colonies, and that she was the "cruel friend" lost on her return passage (Sonn. XXII., XXIII.). I may add that she seems also to be called Nise,[2] that is Ines (Sonn. LIII.), and that Braga (History, I. 293, &c.) holds her to have been D. Isabel[3] de Vasconcellos, who at the age of fourteen or fifteen was wrecked in the *Sam Paulo* (Jan. 11, 1561). Presently the black girl steps upon the stage, and the Portuguese Apollo falls metaphorically into a low prison (Sonn. V.). Faria y Sousa (Note Ode X.) baldly terms her *a negra*, "a slave-girl of his own, not only a slave, but also a black, for, in fine, my Poet was of flesh": she may have been the *Luiza Negra* of the jocose verses addressed to Camoens by his friends.[4] Then comes a Phyllis, the

[1] Sonnets XIV., XXV., XLIII., LXXV., CIII., CXLVII., CLXI., CLXIII., CCLXXIII., and CCLXXIV.; Ecl. IV., VIII., IX., XII., XVI., XX., and XXIV., &c. The reader will remember that there were two of the same name and surname, and that Caterina, daughter of D. Alvaro de Sousa, married and died in 1551 ("Life," I. 11).

[2] This anagram was adopted in the tragedies of G. Bermudez.

[3] Hence the anagram Belisa applied by Lope de Vega to Isabela. We shall find her in Camoen's Eclogues.

[4] Jur. (V. 307–9) gives the whole *Elegia* of 20 tercets, ending with the quatrain quoted in the "Life" (I. 49), and

black violet (Ecl. XIII.), to whom Ode X is addressed; and, lastly, there is the Barbara escrava celebrated in certain *Endechas* (love-songs in hexsyllabic trochees)[1] which tell their own tale. But we need not render *negra* by "negress"; and there are "nigræ sed formosæ" in India who have captivated more than one white stranger.

That the manly Poet is not to be charged with universal platonism appears from at least four Sonnets, which speak distinctly as Shakespeare's No. XX.[2] One (XXXI.) prays pardon for an overt act of what was then styled "villeiny"; another Sonnet (CXXX.) is explicit upon the subject of possession; No. CCXI. addresses a kinswoman loved not honestly (?); and No. CCLVI. is inscribed to the "illustrious Gràcia," whose calling is unmistakable. Yet it must be borne in mind that many of these pieces may have been written dramatically; that friends and fellow-soldiers would importune the ready bard for "comp." and copies of verses; and that all he says must not be taken *au grand sérieux*. And let the reader note that his "Amores," so far from being erotic or declining into turpiloquium, are characterised by a delicacy and a refinement almost unknown to the XVIth Century, while there is nothing simulated or conventional in his passion which sounds homely and direct as Milton's. Here, also, I may remark that

forming an epitaph. There is a red-haired Louisa in Sonn. CCCLVII.; but the piece may have been written for a friend.

[1] Jur., IV. 13: "Life," I. 48. *Endechas* also means dirges, laments, written in popular style and metre.

[2] I have only two objections to the well-known "dramatic theory" so ingeniously thought out and so ably pleaded by Mr. Gerald Massey ("Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets," &c., of which a copy was kindly sent to me by the author). Firstly, it would seem to be almost too complete; secondly, had the Sonnets been written for others, would not the fact have been known to contemporaries?

the Camonian conception of womanhood is higher than the Petrarchian.

Happily for us, Camoens honours, by breaking, the commonplace commandment, "Man speaking of himself should be wise and brief." The autobiographical portion of his Lyrics (especially Canzons VI., X., and XI.), is by far the most admired; and, although he is chary of dates, as Petrarch's *Canzoniere* is profuse in them, it tells us almost all we know of him; forming, like Horace's writings, a true life-history, and speaking with the naturalism and the winning directness of the Shakespearean age. It is all the "fine handiwork of excellent nature and excellenter art combined." We begin at the storm and stress of youth, with its fret and fever, its freshness and fragrancy, its lofty ambition and unbounded hope; its high and honourable views, and its visions of glory and derring-do. We pass through all the phases of the Poet's chequered career, most of the pieces having been written before leaving home, and few after return; his "four banishments," his three campaigns, his many imprisonments, and his wayfarings to the outer East. We assist at the exhibition of his loves and amours; his likes and dislikes, masculine and feminine; his friendships, jealousies, and rivalries: we witness even his present of poultry and his dinner-party with poetical "subtleties" by way of meats. And presently the picture darkens: he loses his friends, of course the dearest; his misfortunes and disappointments engender grievances, and he becomes like a sick girl the prey of nostalgia. In disgrace with Fortune, he feels a loathing of life which uses the language of despair (Sonn. CCCXXXIX.). He then adds piety to patriotism; he turns to the "Fathers of Saint Dominick"; he writes uninteresting religious poemets (Elegy XIII.); he paraphrases the Psalms badly, but better than

Byron does; and he addresses the Virgin and the Saints in hymns which I prefer to Milton's. Lastly, he sings the Swan-song over the death of his King, and he dies in the youth of age, an old old man.

Camoens does not derogate in his Lyrics from the high and knightly tone of his Lusiads. He throws off the impedimenta of the Epic;—while heroic poetry narrates, the lyrical deals in allusions;—he descends from his Epos-stilts, and he "dandles the kid" with the charm of Ben Jonson; his personality and simplicity are equally graceful and delightful. He is a stylist to the backbone, and his harmony waits upon his imagination, the two requisites for a Southern poet. He knows that lyrism should ever be "most musical, most melancholy"; his ear for melody is of the finest, and the song he sings is soothing and satisfying: it is the triumph of phrasing without tenuity or affectation; concise and graphic, pregnant yet not obscure. Withal he has "cet heureux pouvoir des mots qui sillonne profondément l'attention des hommes en ébranlant leur imagination." His poetry, like all true poetry, is the expression and the offspring of his time, modified by an individuality of the highest cast. Dowered with immense facility and feracity, he does not feed us with a thin diet of dainty words; nor has he any of the magnificent emptiness of Spanish poetry. His imitations and translations of Petrarch are always correct and flowing; he has few platitudes, the curse of Sonnetteers; fewer verbal puzzles and no "displacement of epithets." Tender and true as a Northman, he feels, with Troubadour Peirol, "Little is worth the song which does not come from the heart." He has rhythmic life as well as the emotional and the intellectual phases. He is a master of form, and he has yet higher gifts. His genuine elevation of soul expresses itself in noble and patriotic sentiments; in

the worship of candour and Honour, loyalty and patriotism; in the cultus of a peculiarly ideal womanhood, and in a refinement all his own, writing, as was said of Thomson,

No line which dying he could wish to blot.

He has, withal, a "damnable uncovered honesty" and a profound contempt for the Reptile. He is a passionate lover of Nature whom he found the Troubadours wooing in conventional style with unsympathetic compliments. His topothesía and descriptions of scenery are perfect: nothing is more dangerous than to add a word to them or to take a word from them. This magistral art, which was doubtless completed by his long travel and by his perfect faculties of observation, absolutely distinguishes him from his brother bards: he paints the scene as a spectator; they too often misdraw from "insight," that is from the depths of their self-consciousness.[1] Finally his bracing, healthy, masculine realism, contrasting strongly with the strained introvision and vivisection, the turbulent emotion, and the over-coloured brilliancy of our later day, encourages me to hope that some readers will relish a return to the wholesome ancient diet, to this "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," simple, sensuous and impassioned.

The lyrical diction of Camoens has carefully

[1] Take, by way of specimens, the "Nile-Sonnets" of Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Keats, none of whom had ever seen the Nile. What has the Nile to do with Atlas or with the "Desart's ice-girt pinnacles"? What means "old hushed Egypt and its sands"? Can there be anything more incongruous than "Cairo and Decàn"? And why should a mental glance at the Nile beget a shallow moral reflection in a terminal couplet? Mr. Tennyson's Montenegro has managed two minor errors in one line, Is-lam for Islàm and Tsern*a*gora (masc.) for Tsherna*g*ora (fem.). These are details, but many details make a whole.

adapted itself to the tone of thought. He does not affect the vast variety of rhetorical trope and figure which characterises The Lusiads. Not that he is at all deficient in these decorations; and, if comparatively chary of others, he is profuse in Shakespeare's favourite antithesis; in hyperbole, auxesis or exaggeration, the very language of love; and in the Provençal replicacio, the word-recurrence as, Petrarch's

Dolci ire, dolci sogni e dolci paci.

The Arch-commentator does not charge his Poet with writing "clausules made intricate by diabolical locution"; but he points out a variety of figures which are proper to lighter poetry.[1]

The rhyme of the Rhythmas is that of the Italians. Camoens, who like Petrarch had carefully studied the "Donatz Proensals," avoids the *Rims sonan bord* (bastard or vowel rhyme), the peculiarly Spanish "assonance"[2] or correspondence of vowels and difference of consonants, as opposed to "consonance," or true rhyme, correspondence of vowels and final consonants. Like his model also, he has none of Coleridge's squeamishness about "assonance being peculiarly distressing to the ear":[3] indeed, some

[1] For instance, archaisms and archaicisms; alliteration, the older annomination (Canz. III. 4, 10); anadiplosis or reduplication (Canz. V. 1, 15, *pintáva*); antiphrasis and irony (Sonn. XV. 5); antonomasia (Ode X. 35); aposiopesis (Sonn. III. last tercet); epanodos, anadiplosis or palilogy (Sonn. CLXII.; Canz. X. 4, *soberba*); enumeration (Ecl. V. 31, 3 and passim); epiphonema and exclamation (Sonn. V. 13 and passim); metonymy and metalepsis (Sonn. XII. 13); periphrasis (Sonn. XLIV. 5); and synechdoche (Sonn. XIII. 12), to mention no others.

[2] *E.g.* abárca: cása; amórs: vós (terrible cockneyism in English!); feroz: furor; grano: voliamo; mora: parola; contrária: infámia, &c. We call it the "Irish-rhyme" with scant reason.

[3] I wrote about it in *The Academy*, May 7, '81. The neo-

sonnets (*e.g.* XLIII.) show that the recurring sound pleased him. He uses but rarely the *Bordos empeutatz* (middle or internal rhyme), as in

Mon port, conort e mon confort.[1]

He also shuns the *Schlagreim* of the Meistersänger, in which two similar endings immediately follow each other (e.g. *ridiculus mus*). On the other hand, he affects what the Troubadours called *Rim dictional*,[2] the rhyme-word being modified at the end : for instance, in the song of Countess Beatrice de Die,

Ab joi et ab joven m' apais
E jois e jovens m' apaia.
(With Joy and Youth I fare content
May Joys and Youths keep me contented).

Like all neo-Latins he is fond of the *Rime riche*,[3] as opposed to *Rime pauvre*, the former repeating the

Latin poets with most delicate ear (*e.g.* Petrarch) utterly ignore this refinement of rude Northern Doric.

[1] P. 331, Hueffer's "Troubadours."

[2] It is also termed Rim derivatif; I cannot understand why Hueffer (p. 285) calls it a "silly contrivance," as if anything in poetry can be silly which gives pleasure! And, strange to say, this author, throughout his excellent popular study, wholly neglects the Sonnet in Provençal.

[3] Its raison-d'être is insufficiently accounted for by the rapid articulation of the neo-Latin vowels, and the necessity for the first consonant striking the ear. The cause is complex. One, and perhaps the chief, source of pleasure would be the subtle and unexpected varying of sense in the same sound as in Milton's Ruth : ruth. This is the principle of the Triolet. Again, there *is* such a thing as "rhyming to the eye"; and, like the "allowable" rhymes, now disallowed by dictionaries, it is justified by the prime requisite of Poetry—variety, change, even for the worse. Very noyous, as we have lately seen, is the monotony of sweetness and dead level of excellence. Again, it is evident that, the further the rhyme-word, the more conventional it may be without shocking the ear, as in the couplet. Finally, the ear has learned in youth to like *Rime riche*, so the use-sanctioned institution needs no excuse.

same word in a different sense. He is perforce compelled to affect the feminine rhyme (*Rim con accen greu; weiblicher* or *klingender Reim*): his masculines are comparatively rare; for instance, Sonnet XCII., wholly composed of *versos agudos* (sharps), querer, amor, assegurou, and perdi.[1] The great Poet never feared sacrificing orthography to consonance, a licence comparatively rare in Petrarch:[2] for instance, one Sonnet (CXLII.) contains two forced endings; *Lua* (for *Luna* or *Luma*) and *Venos*. We have similar licences in frente for fronte (Sonn. CCXXVII.), and in devesma ("you owe it me") for deveisma (Sonn. XXXII.).[3] These would be the *Rims cars* (rare rhymes) of Arnaut Daniel and Company. Imperfect and barely allowable rhymes are few, but they exist; for instance, accesa (accended): natureza.

Camoens avoids the Troubadour art of writing so artfully

Qu' apenas nuls hom las enten
(Hardly a man can understand).

[1] Also Sonnets CXXII. and CXLIX. The learned and laborious Professor Storck (Sonnets, p. 365) lays down the number of such lines at 305. These *versos agudos*, which only great poets use for variety and startling effect, sound unpleasantly to Portuguese ears, and Costa e Silva (Ensaio II., 19) declares them to be "a barbarous dissonance fit only for burlesques." Germans enjoy the contrast of masculines and feminines: the latter in English must be employed very sparingly; and Mr. Mark Pattison (Milton, Pref. p. xi.) prohibits double rhymes, because they overweight the ends of the lines. This is the *escrupulo impertinente* (*i.e.*, not pertinent) of F. y S. (Rim. Var. 178).

[2] We find nigre, percusse, senestra, simlle, umlle, vióle and vui (a Tuscanism for voi); with a few others.

[3] Add *Sexos* for *Seixos* (Ode II.); *quexo* for *queixo* (Ecl. II.); *cudo* for *cuido* (Elegy XIV.); *mouro* for *morro* (Sonn. CXXXI.); *amarello* for *amareylo* (Redon. VIII. 5); and *ouvirés* for *ouvireys* (Redon. XIII.). F. y S. (Vol. III. p. 230) declares that the Portuguese were ever barbarous in the orthography of their vernacular, writing *bellesa* for *belleza*, *aceza* for *acesa*, and so forth.

Yet, like his model, he takes liberties with language,[1] and he uses "wee words and dainty diminutives," pet vocables,[2] and peculiar terms, for which the rigourists and disciplinarians (*Los Fiscales*) have blamed him severely enough. He is not above allowing himself an occasional jingle (Sonn. III. 7, 8), and some of his plays upon words and names, as Violante (Sonn. XIII.); Bishop Pinheiro (the Right Rev. Pine, Sonn. CXC.), and Captain Leoniz (Lion and Leonidas Sonn. CCXXVIII.), are mere puns. For these he has the authority of Petrarch's Laura and Colonna, and we must not forget Shakespeare's "Will."

[1] *E.g. Letreyro*, a vulgarism for epitaph (Sonn. XXIII.); and *mal o haja a Fortuna* (woe worth Fortune! Sonn. CXXXIV.); *Mas eu me vingarey* (Sonn. CXXIII.) is a child's phrase, "I'll pay you out." Other licences are perla for perola (LXXVIII.); Sirena for Serea (CXX. 5); and Joanne for Joam, the former popularly meaning a fool (*bobo*). Of Latinisms, we have abisso (Canz. II. 7); gladio (Ode III. 2); modulo (Sonn. LXX. 7); nutante (Ecl. II. 26); natura for natureza (Sonn. XIV.; sento for sinto (Sonn. XVII. and Voltas XXXIX.), and vulnerado (Ode VIII. 4). There is a Latin construction in the first tercet of Sonnet LXXXIX. His Titam (Tithonus) is the Titon of Petrarch, Sonn. II. 23, and the Tithon of Drummond (Ellis, III. 72).

[2] *E.g.* Afagar (to quiet a child); afinar (to refine); alimaria (armentum); apurar (to depure); aspero (rough); assellar (to seal, to confirm); bravo (great, much); breve (short); desengano (disillusion, *i.e.*, being dismissed by the beloved); doce (sweet); debuxar (to sketch); enganar (to deceive); esmaltado (enamelled); espalhar, to scatter (prop. straw); estranha (rare, great); geito (mode, way); gesto (body and face, air, mien, beauty); lascivo (festive); largo and longo; ledo (lætus, glad); mágoa (*macula*, woe, a pet Lusitanism); marchetado (worked in marquetry or tarsia); parecer (semblance or appearance); pranto (loud weeping); querer (to love, "force"); revolver (to revolve); saudade (desiderium); triste; vontade (will, love). His Meninas or "babes" is the Lat. pupilla (dim. of pupa); the Hebrew babat or bit (daughter); the Arab Bubu el-Ayn (hadakat el-Ayn); and the Persian Mardumak-i-chashm (mannikin of the eye), a favourite conceit in all tongues, and much used amongst us by Donne and his school.

Finally, his "conceits," like those of Petrarch, are mostly fitting ornaments for the artificial and conventional form which he adopts; and to brush them away, with a rude hand, would be to take from the nosegay much of its colour and savour.

SECTION I.—OF THE CAMONIAN SONNET.

I HAVE nothing to say concerning the Sonnet in general, but much about the Camonian Sonnet in particular, and something about its Petrarchisms of form and spirit. The "lover of Madame de Sade" could not, it is true, claim the honour of invention. He found the "tetradecastich,"[1] or 14-lined stanza, in its most finished modulus, worked up by Lodovico della Vernaccia (A.D. 1200); by Pier delle Vigne (Petrus de Vineâ"), the "godfather of modern Italian" (A.D. 1230); by his contemporary, Polo de Lombardia (Paulo del Castello);[2] and by Fra Guittone d' Arezzo (A.D. 1250).[3] But Petrarch's

[1] See note on Sonn. XXIX.; "interpretatio tetradecastichi."

[2] This Sonnetteer wrote,

Ma qui manca scientia, ingegno e arte:

Petrarch (Sonn. I. 258),

Ivi manca l'ardir, l' ingegno e l' arte:

Camoens (Sonn. II.),

Aque falta saber, engenho, e arte.

[3] The perfection of form in these writers shows, not "a birth of Pallas," but a long line of predecessors. P. de Lombardia translated from Perdigon an ancient Sonnet with imperfect rhymes beginning :—

Be no fatz Amors l'usatge del aire

(Love gives me not the use of air).

Dante da Majano, an Italian of the XIIIth century, has left two in the Langue d'Oc, one remarkable for the rhymes being monosyllabic, that is, masculine. The reader will find versical versions of L. della Vernaccia, P. de Vineâ, and Messer Polo in "A Collection of Lyrics, edited and translated by Dante G. Rossetti (lost too early to Poetry and Art); Revised and re-arranged, Edit., Part I., Dante's Vita Nuova, &c. Poets of Dante's Circle. Part II., Poets chiefly before Dante." London, Ellis and White, 1874. I translated the three oldest Italian Sonnets for the *Academy*, August 25, '83; and I republish them at the end of this Appendix as specimens of literalism.

marvellous series on the Life and Death of Madonna Laura was a light that extinguished his predecessors, and became a beacon which will burn for all time. It gave a tone to the poemet which cannot be separated from it.[1] We may be justified in saying that the Sonnet-scheme adopted by Petrarch was arbitrary, but it is "excellently ordered in a small room"; it is full-grown, and all-sufficient, and every deviation from it is only to "gain a loss." The Petrarchian Sonnet, to use the language of Dante, consists of two *pedes*, a *repetitio unius odæ* in an octave or huitaine of two quatrains (rhymed abba + abba).[2] There is a minor pause, metrical and subjectual, after the fourth line; and the volta, chief cæsura, or major pause denoting the shift of thought, precedes the cauda or sestette of two tercets (typically rhymed ced : ced).[3] Each poemet is thus distributed into two distinct parts.[4] The octette is the strophe, the theme, the motive, the proposition, which strikes the ear with lively force by the contrast of rhymes, while these are inwrought and connected by a pervading unity. "The effect is that of twin quatrains bearing a close external resemblance, a sisterly likeness to one another, and they are intimately bound together by the fourth and fifth lines, the last of one quatrain

[1] Hence sciolists complain of the "exaggerated Sonnet-style of Shakespeare's day"; and even Mr. Pattison has a word to say against the "obscurity arising from over-ingenuity."

[2] Thus Ottava Rima would consist of three pedes forming the frons, or unbroken opening, and one versus which represents the cauda.

[3] This volta is Dante's dieresis (diesis? Hueffer, p. 341). The typical punctuation would be a semicolon after the first quatrain, a colon or full stop after the huitaine, and the same with the sestette. The legitimate Shakesperean or English Sonnet has three pedes, each of four lines, a volta from the eighth to the twelfth line, and a cauda of a single final couplet.

[4] When Wordsworth would affect a trinal division "like the three propositions of a syllogism," we detect a Lakism.

and the first of its successor forming a complete couplet." The sestette or anti-strophe is the per contra, the explanation, the deduction, the concentration, the completion. Thus the flow of the octave contrasts strongly with the answering ebb of the sestette: in the symphony the first half is "a grave and fancied descant"; the second a lofty, a gentle, or a tender fugue, either culminating to a climax or dying away in a minor key "like the sowne of swarming bees." And this contrast of rhymes has suggested that the *Sonetto* (sonitus) as opposed to the *Suono*[1] was begotten in the neo-Latin brain with the art and mystery of bell-ringing, whose terminal chimes differ from the sustained and uniform cadence of the peal. In Languedoc, "Sonet" means simply a song, like the "auld Scots Sonnet" crooned over by Tam O'Shanter:[2] thus Guiraut de Bornelh:—

Un sonet fatz malvatz e bo
E re non say de qual razo:

(I sing my Sonnet, bad or good,
Sans reason to be understood).

The Petrarchian Sonnet, by reason of its exact and delicate finish, at once overspread Europe. It was introduced into Spain by the great Marquis of Santillana (nat. 1398),[3] and popularised by the conceit-loving "Italianist," Boscam (1500–1540), and by the knightly Garcilasso de la Vega (1503–1536), whose tender verse is still the delight of his fellow-countrymen. In Portugal, Sà de Miranda (1495–

[1] "Suono" is a form of the Balada (ballata); its dim. being Sonarello. It denotes words accompanied with dancing, as Sonetto = words with music, and Canzon = words for singing only.

[2] Izaak Walton (chap. XVIII.) quotes one of "Mr. Drayton's Sonnets," which consists of four elegiac quatrains, decasyllabics alternately rhymed.

[3] Ticknor, I. chap. 19.

1558) was praised for simplicity and careful treatment of the matter, despite the harshness and ruggedness of his manner. Lucky Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay made the Sonnet rival and excel the popular Rondeau in France. The earliest German specimen is Christoff Wirsung's translation (A.D. 1556) of a Sonnet by Bernardino Ochino of Sienna. The first recognised Petrarchian Sonnets in English are by Sir Thomas Wyat or Wyatt[1] (A.D. 1503–42), closely followed by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1520–1547). Both gallant friends affect the terminal couplet rare among the neo-Latins, and the elegiac quatrain presently to be made popular by Spenser, Shakespeare, and William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649), the "Scottish Petrarch."[2]

And now to consider the Camonian Sonnet in its two aspects of letter and spirit. It must be premised that the full series of 360 is in three languages. Of Portuguese, where the Poet is most at home, there

[1] Tardy justice is being done to this "eques incomparabilis," who, at the age of twenty-three, was styled "the most accomplished poet of his time" by Leland (Neniæ in mortem Thomæ Viati).

[2] Ellis, Specimens of the Early English Poets (London, Longman, 1811), Vol. II. 43–67. A Treasury of English Sonnets, &c., by David M. Main (Manchester, Ireland, 1880), a valuable study which provokes a smile by its number of "the greatest of English Sonnet-writers." I need hardly quote Coleridge (Vol. II., Pickering, 1877); Wordsworth (Prose, III. 133); Dyce (1833); Leigh Hunt (1867); Dr. Trench (1870), and others, who have treated of the Sonnet. The last (1883), "The Sonnets of John Milton," edited by Mr. Mark Pattison, (Kegan Paul & Co., '83), is a trifle over-arbitrary in its ten formal and nine material rules and regulations; *e.g.* "in the Sonnet the emphasis is nearly, but not quite, equally distributed, there being a slight swell, or rise, about the middle." Why attribute to Surrey the honours of Wyat (p. 36)? Very few students of Shakespeare's Sonnet will, I think, agree with this Editor (pp. 41, 43). In minor matters we find the falconer's term, "to imp," misexplained (p. 179).

are 323; of Spanish, 35; and of Gallician, 2 (CCXC., CCXCI.).[1] The Spanish are in sets and scattered; there are none in the Editio Princeps (1595) of 65, nor in the second edition (1598) of 43. The Arch-commentator declares (note on CLXI.) that, although his Poet was never in Spain, he writes Castilian, not as a Portuguese, but like a native of Toledo.[2] He also questions (Vol. II. 489) the authorship of the Gallegos, attributing them to some one of the Gallician Caamaños, while others suspect that the writer was Vasco Pires (Perez) de Camoens, the Poet's grandfather's grandfather, who entered Portugal in 1370.[3]

The structure is legitimate and orthodox after the technique of Petrarch. In the octave there are only three deviations from the established form: Nos. CXXIV., CCI., and CCLXXX. have alternate rhymes in the huitaine.[4] The first shows abab + abab, and the two latter connect the quatrains by rhyming the fourth and fifth lines (abab + baba): these are the *Rims croisatz* (ab + ba) of the Provençeaux opposed

[1] The Spanish Sonnets begin with Nos. CLX.–CLXVI. (6); the second set of seven is CCXIII.–CCXIX. (total 13); and the third of five, CCXXII.–CCXXVI. (18). Five scattered, CCLX., CCLXXII., CCLXXXIII., CCXCIX., and CCCII. (23) lead to the fourth set of five, CCCXXVII.–CCCXXXI. (28); there is a fifth of three, CCCXLI.–CCCXLIII.; and a sixth of three, CCCLV.–CCLVII.; and one detached (CCCLX.) completes the 35 and ends the whole. In Spanish also are one Elegy (No. XVII.), and sundry Glosas.

[2] And yet some curious Lusitanisms deform the style, *e.g.* *nel* for *en el* (line 9, No. CCXXXIII.).

[3] "Life," I. 4, The Cantigas of Alfonso X. ("the Wise"), written in Gallician, date before A.D. 1284 (Ticknor, Period I. chap. iii.).

[4] The *Saturday Review* (July 9, '81), true to its usual practice of reviewing without reading, boldly tells its unhappy clientèle that the Octettes of Camoens are *without variation!* The intelligent critic has also succeeded in confounding Ferreira with Sà de Miranda.

to *Rims encadenatz* (ab + ab); and for both these dispositions there is authority in Petrarch and in the oldest Sonnettists.[1] On the other hand, the sextaine is immensely varied, and Camoens followed high example by interlacing the rhymes in every possible way but one: neither he nor his model ever "bars the door with a strong couplet."[2] The normal formula is cde + cde (No. I.) with its nearer modifications cde + dce (No. XIV.); cde + edc (XLV.)[3] and cde + ced (No. XLVI.). Then we have alternate rhymes, the formula being cdc + dcd (No. III.) and, more rarely, cdc + cdc (No. VII.), a "volée de resonnance" made easy by the copious rimarium. It defeats by its excess the proper purpose of rhyme, "to point and mark to the ear what is being conveyed to the mind;" and it belongs to the days when rhymes, like sugar, were a novelty and a delicacy.

These are the forms which occur in the oldest and most authentic section. In the higher numbers we have cde + dec (No. XCV.) and only four specimens of cde + edc (No. CCCVIII.):[4] the first disappoints the ear by the distance of the terminal rhymes. And lastly we find cdc + ddc (No. CXCVIII.); cdd + cdd (No. CCXXXI.) which Faria y Sousa terms extravagant;[5] cdc + ccd (No. CCXXXVII.); cdd + ccd (No. CCXLVI.) and cdd + dcd (No. CCCXXXIII.) make a total of

[1] *E.g.* Part I. XXXVI.; II. XIII., XLII., and L.; Pier delle Vigne and Messer Polo having set the example of *encadenatz*.

[2] Petrarch (I. X. and LXIII.) ends in a rhymed distich, but it is connected with the first verse of the sestette, and consequently it does not strike the ear like an epigram or a couplet. Camoens avoided it; Milton did not (Ital. Sonn. VI.).

[3] In popular Edits. the 12th line ends with *serra dura* instead of *dura serra;* the change would make the scheme cde + cde.

[4] Petrarch, Part I. LXII. He has two of cdd + dcc (Part I. X., v. 63); generally he prefers cde + dce; cde + dec, or cde + ecd.

[5] Rosetti used it in his vision of "Fiammetta."

thirteen.[1] In the sestine of No. CCXCVIII. the first line ending with *poder* is "orphan" (xdc + dcd): this was possibly a scherzo to emphasise the darkness, and is not repeated.[2]

It must not be supposed that either my master or his model, Petrarch, used these thirteen sestettes-variations arbitrarily or indiscriminately: on the contrary, they are most artistically chosen either for sound or sense, or both. In the archetypal form (cde + cde), the rhyme "falls in a soft shower of brightness," floats off and dies away like music swooning in the distance: there is, moreover, added beauty of contrast between the crescendo of the thought and the diminuendo of the rhyme-emphasis. In the alternate structure (cdc + dcd),[3] while the answering ebb of the sestette sets off the flow of the huitaine, the effect is lesser pathos, with greater power and a fuller music, the ear being trained to its

[1] There are three other forms all incorrect: *E.g.* cde + cdf (No. XXV.) where *perseguido: passado*, evidently a clerical error for *perdido;* cde + cdc (No. CCCX.), *rispeito* being erroneous; and cde + ede (No. CCLXXXVII.), where *desejo* for *desejado* appears both in the common Edits. and in Jur. The latter also misprints *pintado* for *pintados* (No. CCCII.) and *trazerme* for *trazerma* (No. CCCIX.). In CCCX., verse 11, we should read *Não tẽes algum respeito a tanta flamma. Tormento* and *movimento* (No. CCCXII.) should be plural, and *deixastes* (No. CCCXXXVIII.) and *vistes* (No. CCCXLI.) should be singular. Finally, *llega* (repeated for *lleva*) does not rhyme with *entregava* (No. CCCXLII.).

[2] According to the learned Professor Storck (p. 364), of his 356 Sonnets cde + cde is found in 165; cdc + dcd in 114; cde + dce in 38; cdc + cdc in 15; cde + ced in 7; cde + edc in 4; cde + dec in 3; cdc + ddc also in 3; and ccd + cdd, cdd + cdd, cde + ecd, cdd + ccd, cdc + ede, and cdd + cde in one each. He makes a total of 16 varieties by adding No. CLVII., which is "tailed," and No. CCXCVIII., where the scheme is xdc + dcd. Petrarch uses five forms, the four first given above and cdd + dcc.

[3] So in Shelley's "Ozymandias" Sonnet. But this poet

enjoyment. The same is true to an increased degree with cdc + cdc, where the interweaving and the somewhat overladen assonance give the idea of mingled unity and separation. On the other hand, poetic vagueness is gained by the gradually increasing distance of the rhyme-words (cde + edc). The student will readily detect the reason which regulates the choice of all other modifications. Camoens, like Petrarch, avoided the terminal couplet, which he used in the Lusiad-stanzas, probably because his delicate artistic ear and his fine Latin taste revolted against arming the sonnet with an epigrammatic point, a final chord which, suggesting a thump, has been nationalised in England.[1] Here too a "Corn-Law Rhymer," not to speak of a host of earlier and later rhymers, super-added deformity by a terminal Alexandrine. The better taste of modern days has abated this vagary-nuisance, and England now affects the pure Petrarchian type.

As regards the disputed point of climax, "the kindling into a flame as the song expires," Camoens like Petrarch makes the march of the Sonnet

knew Italy and Italian; and his "haggard existence" soothed itself with southern melody.

[1] Mr. Mark Pattison (Milton, Pref. ii.) prohibits the couplet because it breaks the continuity of sound: I may add that it opens the door to that terrible intruder, a "moral lesson" or lecture. My friend and fellow translator, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, inserts into the Dedicatory Letter, with which he honoured me, an amusing account of his "intelligent copyist" (p. xv). "When asked his opinion, he told me that he thought them (the translations) very smooth and pretty, but that somehow they seemed to finish before one had got to the real end of them. I attributed this to the want of the final couplet. The musical public annoyed Rossini by their similarly defective ear, which required the hammer of his Coda." "Is not this comparison of the Coda a confusion with the Stretto?" asks the *Times* (Sept. 26, '82). I reply, no! *Coda* is derived, with a slight distinction of meaning, from the poetical *cauda* of Dante and others. (See p. 344, Hueffer's "Troubadours.")

crescendo, gaining strength and momentum as it proceeds. Such, indeed, is its nature. Every Sonnetteer who knows his trade feels a necessity of an increasing purpose, without which the pathos would end in bathos and the point be lost in disappointment. The charm of a Sonnet, says Faria y Sousa,[1] consists in the *remate* or conclusion, and the Portuguese dictum declares that it "must be opened with a key of silver and be shut with a key of gold." Camoens nowhere neglects this growing dignity of thought and subject, if not of language. At times he varies the even march with a conceit, verbal or material; an antithesis, an epigram, a repetition of words or of sense which form the true terminus. Only his unfriends here find strange expression and far-fetched sentiment, jingle and fantastic phrase, "clap" and "repercussion." His ear and taste kept him from offending in a matter of degree and measure—la mesure est le secret de tout.

Camoens never attempted to change the structural forms of his master. In the lyric of Shakespeare, the "myriad-minded," we breathe a diviner air, we see a wider horizon, as it were, from a commanding height. But ear and sense tell us that his noble poems are not Sonnets, and have not the effect of Sonnets. The three elegiac quatrains ending in a rhymed distich form a tirade, stave, strophe, or stanza, which is well fitted for being part of an heroic poem. It is the same with Spenser's "Fairy Queen Sonnets," his best; like the bastards in blank verse and those in interlaced couplets, these Amoretti (love-knots or garlands?), with their novelties of assonance, reduce the composition to a poemet of fourteen decasyllabics, *i.e.* iambic pentameters. The "solemn organ whereon Milton played" at times sounds a very false note:

[1] Comm. in Sonn. LXII.

the pause between octave and sestette is neglected; we meet with short detached sentences which seem to have been written for the purpose of quotation, and we marvel to find, in the artistic Italian scholar, such hideous rhymes as—

> Help us to save free Conscience from the *paw*
> Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their *maw*.[1]

Shelley's "Wild West Wind" is neither an Ode nor a Sonnet (the "condensation of an Ode"), and Wordsworth's have fitly been termed "Sermons from Mount Rydal."[2]

The formal varieties of Camoens' Sonnets are also those of Petrarch. He is justly fond of the Amœbæan or Dialogue, because it allows so much movement (Nos. LXXXIII. and CLIV.; Petrarch, II., 99 and 167): this is the Italian *a risposta* which followed the Tenso, or contention-song, of the Troubadour, and it resumes the "concerted Sonnets" of Lope de Vega and Calderon. He has also many which may be called half-Amœbæan (Nos. XXXVII., LIX., LXI., CXCVIII., and

[1] Mr. J. A. Noble (*Contemporary Review*, p. 459) finds a reason for such "harsh, unpoetic, bald, monosyllabic rhymes as clogs: dogs; frogs: hogs" (Sonn. XII.). Perhaps he can excuse such cacophony as "my great taskmaster's eye (Sonn. II.); and so trite and vulgar a concetto as Sonn. XXIV.)—

> I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

[2] Amongst older poets Thomas Watson (ob. 1592) wrote "Sonnets" of eighteen verses in three sixains with the scheme aba + bcc. Samuel Daniel (nat. 1562), Michael Drayton (1563), Robert Devereux (1567), William Fowler (1569), and William Smith (wrote in 1596) affected the English Sonnet, that is, no sonnet at all. On the other hand, Barnabe Barnes (nat. 1569) preserved the true Petrarchian type saving only the terminal couplet; and Ellis remarks with early-XIXth-century naïveté, "They have at least the merit of combining in a remarkable manner an arbitrary recurrence of rhyme with the dignified freedom of blank verse." This of Petrarch!

cc.). There is only one, *colla coda* or *caudato*, cowee[1] or tailed (No. CLVII.), so termed because the lines exceed the quatorzaine. In this case the Sonnet, numbering 17 verses, ends with two lines (not a regular couplet) of new rhyme[2] (cde cde + dff). This form, highly proper for burlesque, was introduced into Italy during the XVth cent. Its construction is precise. The first must be a half-line, and must rhyme with one of the tercet-lines, not necessarily (as Mr. Mark Pattison says) with the fourteenth. The remaining two rhymes must be new, and in this way the Cauda may extend to several tercets.[3] Camoens never reduces, like Quevedo, the Sonnet to eleven lines by suppressing the last tercet.

The Acrostic Sonnet which relies upon an artifice invented by the Erythrean Sibyl, practised in the Hebrew Psalms, and perhaps suggested by mnemonic caprice, as in the famous triplet beginning

Ut queant largis resonare chordis, &c.

occurs only once in Camoens (CLIX.). It is complicated by being divided into acrostical hemistichs, a trick which deprives it of other value. A single specimen in Spanish (CLXII.) is epanaleptic or

[1] From kowe, a tail, *e.g.*—

For Edward's good meed
The Baliol gave him as his meed } a wicked return.

This "rhyme cowee" is much patronised in Persian poetry: by Hafiz, for instance, and Mr. Bicknell (London, Trübner, 1875) prints it accordingly. "Rhyme cowee" differs from middle rhyme, and interwoven rhyme, which will be noticed in Section II. The Cauda in Port. is called estribilho, in Span. cola and estrambote.

[2] Shakespeare's No. XIX. with fifteen lines is not a Coda, but a caprice in the fifth verse. Milton's No. XIII. has a true double Cauda.

[3] The Cauda of Sonn. CLVII. appears for the first time in F. y S. Probably Camoens never wrote it.

repetitory, the terminal word of one line becoming the initial of the next :—it is pretty dancing in *sabots*.[1] And, lastly, there is an Echo-Sonnet (No. LXX.) ending in a rewording of *Pouco te ama:* the echo is somewhat Hibernian.

To conclude the technique, my Poet has scant respect for the English canon which orders that the "complexity of the rhyme arrangement be balanced by the lucidity and simplicity of syntax." In these matters he is, like all great Poets, a law unto himself; and he well knows that the best Sonnet is the one that gives the most pleasure.

Space compels me to treat the subject-stuff and spirit of the Camonian Sonnet more briefly than its mechanism: here, however, they who read will best judge for themselves. The circumstances under which the poemets were published explains the confusion of theme: Camoens can plead for excuse,

—defuit scriptis ultima linea meis.

Yet he evidently intended them for printing, possibly in his lost "Parnaso," as is shown by six several Proems (Nos I., II., CI., CLXXXII., CCI., and CCC.). The great blot of the Edit. Princeps is that it published the Rhythmas without order, or regard to date, place, and occasion. The Arch-commentator left the first century in its old confusion, distributing the extra five amongst his second hundred; and his reason for not disturbing the original disorder was

[1] The trick was affected by Vasco M. de Quevedo, *e.g.*—

Pastora mia gloria de la vida;
Vida, que vida y muerte das por suerte;
Suerte, &c.

(Pastora grace and glory of my Life;
Life that aye maketh life and death my lot;
Lot, &c.)

I have noticed this "Lexapren" in note to Sonnet CLXII.

that many writers had quoted the numbers. But he printed the second century and part of the third (Sonn. L.–XLVI.)[1] after a fancy of his own; first the Amores, then the Tristia, and, lastly, the moral and religious, including the Babylonians.[2] Viscount Juromenha has not followed the good example with his *ineditas*, which begin after No. CCCI. Very insufficient is Adamson's distribution into three orders, the Amorous, the Moral, and the "Tributary" (to friendship): it takes no note of the classical and of that time-honoured compound of metaphor and metaphysics which so often repeats itself. I am tempted to divide them roughly into the autobiographical and the general; the former including all those which relate to the Poet and his friends, and the latter admitting extensive subdivision.

The first Sonnet written, according to the Commentators, in the Poet's eleventh year (A.D. 1535), was a grandiloquent address to D. Theodosio de Braganza (No. XXI.). There are many of these "tributaries" ("vehicles of personal compliment, panegyric or congratulation"), and they touch every tone from the bantering to the quasi-epic style of ceremonious enthusiasm. The characteristic of the Amores is their directness, which seems to give fervour, reality, and life to trite and formal complaints of cruelty and hard-heartedness; and the feeling is increased by the contrast of familiar and trivial phrases with the "linkèd sweetness long drawn out" of the music. Many are *pièces d'occasion;* others are written "to request"; here and there we

[1] He preserves, however, no order in his *Adicion* of 18 sonnets (XLVII.–LXIV.).

[2] See Petrarch, Part IV., Sonn. V., VI. ("the horns of Babilonia," *i.e.* Moslems); Sonn. XV., where *Baldacco* is mentioned; and Sonn. XVI., where "falso Babilonia" is opposed to (ancient) Rome.

find a little picture, classical or modern: some are rather Idylls than Sonnets; others have the tone of Madrigals; and others are Elegies in quatorzaines.

The English reader has not wholly lacked the whereby to taste of Camoens' Sonnets. "Lord Viscount Strangford," of whom mention has been made,[1] printed, in 1804, a volume containing twenty Sonnets, numbered after his own fashion; he tells us that "literal versions are justly deemed absurd," and he splurges in true Donnybrook style. He defaces and degraces the mécanique by neglecting pauses and by taking all manner of liberties; in fact, he has vulgarised Camoens into English poetry of the Georgium Sidus age. Enough to quote his first line:—

Sweetly was heard the Anthem's choral strain,

which is fondly fancied to translate Camoens' "divine worship was celebrating" (No. LXVII.). But poetasters will affect *paja para llenar el verso* (straw to stuff the verse).

Mrs. Felicia Hemans printed (1818) sixteen specimens[2] in "Translations from Camoens and other Poets" (4to. Oxford), a work alluded to as anonymous by Commentator Adamson (I. 93). Her Sonnets are not Camoens, nor are they Sonnets beyond being tetradecastichs. Instead of the Portuguese bouquet, we have the commonplace flowers of English verse-making, such as "my plaintive lyre"; the "lode-stars" (Shakespeare); "thy native globe"; "breathe a warning lay"; "inmate of my soul"; and "Love's Elysian bower."

[1] "Life," I. 180, &c.

[2] Viz., Nos. 70, 282, 271, 186, 108, 23, 19, 58 (with a queer Cauda?), 178, 80, 289, 228, 205, 133, 181 and 278. Marvellous to relate, her invariable Scheme is abab, cdcd × eef, ggf; and she sometimes ends with an Alexandrine.

Adamson also printed (1820) twenty-one Sonnets, with translations,[1] by various hands. These are "Anonymous," Mr. Hayley, and (Mrs.) C (ockle): eleven are by Adamson, and they are some of the best. The worst, perhaps, are those of Poet-Laureate Southey, who takes from Camoens his morion, ruff and breastplate, to turn him out in curly-brimmed beaver, tall cravat, and roll-collar'd frock coat.

In the same year which saw my Life of Camoens, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, translator of The Lusiads, printed his dainty volume of Sonnets.[2] He is the first who has fairly introduced the great Portuguese to English readers; and his uncompromising fidelity and loyalty to his author's style and sense have transferred many a charm from the original to the portrait. It is a triumph of literalism, and it throws all predecessors in the shade.

The version here offered was begun many years ago on the same lines as The Lusiads. Only one liberty has been taken, and that rarely, with my master's work. When preserving the consonance would injure the sense, assonance or "allowable rhyme" has been substituted in the second quartette.[3] Contrary to Portuguese custom, I have distributed

[1] "Life," I. 184. The Sonnets are scattered about his first volume, and, as usual in 1820, the work is index-less. Singles are found in Vol. I. p. 67 (No. XXXV.), p. 93 (No. XIX.); p. 104 (No. CVIII.) and p. 173 (No. CLXXXI.), with a batch of 18 in pp. 250–267. In p. 172 Sonnet XLVIII. is untranslated.

[2] "Seventy Sonnets of Camoens. Portuguese text and translation, with original Poems," London, C. Kegan Paul, 1881. I have noticed ("Life," Vol. I. pp. 167–174) Mr. Aubertin's "Lusiads," which has won the honour of a Second Edition; and the Sonnets will presently appear with additions.

[3] *e.g.* feel: weal + kill: rill (No. XXII.) and show'r: pow'r + store: more (XXXVIII.) &c. &c.

the Sonnets into three Parts. The first (I.–CCLXIV.) contains the total printed by the Arch-commentator. The second carries the number up to that published in the popular Editions (CCLXV.–CCCI.); and Part. III. (CCCII.–CCCLX.) shows the *ineditas* edited by Viscount Juromenha and by Theophilo Braga. The total consists of 5,043 lines.

SECTION II.—OF THE CAMONIAN CANZÒN.[1]

I HAVE termed the following songs "Canzons," a word not unknown to Barnabe Barnes; although our dictionaries patronise only its cadet—Canzonet. The Cançam of Camoens is the low Lat. Cantio, the Italian Canzone,[2] and the Spanish Cancion.[3] As the name denotes it was originally a song proper written for singing: hence the word Cancioneiro (canzoner, etc.) in the Lusian and neo-Latin tongues means a song-book pure and simple. But when it overcame its rivals the Chanson de Geste (Cantar de Gesta), the Chansoneta or Meja Chanso and the

[1] The Edit. Princeps contained X.: the Second Part (1616) added one. F. y S. (Tome V. p. 184, note Ed. I.) prints as a note the No. VIII. of all popular editions, which he omitted because it is a variant of No. VII. In 1689 he added four, making a total of XV. (or XVI. preserving No. VIII.). Jur. with four ineditas brings up the total to twenty-one. Professor Wilhelm Storck's translation (Sämmtliche Canzonen, &c. Schöningh, Paderborn) contains XVIII., by adding Ode II. which is evidently a Canzon; yet he retains No. XVI., which is a manner of Ode.

F. y S. (Vol. IV. p. 50) proposes to, but does not, change the order. His first would be No. VII., followed in due succession by Nos. IV., V., VIII., III., I., II., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., IX., VI., and X. He gives his reasons *e.g.* No. I. (VII.) describes a first love: No. II. (IV.) localises it; No. IX. (XIII.) appears to be the first written in India: and so forth.

[2] The Troubadours also use Canzone in the sense of chant, a Canto.

[3] The old-Spanish Cancion had usually twelve lines divided like the Sonnet into two parts: the first four expressed the idea, and the rest developed it.

Vers,[1] it substituted dactylic decasyllabics and hendecasyllabics (technically "Arte major")[2] for the simple septenary (trochaic), octonary and nonary singing-lines; it made masculine rhymes alternate with the original feminine, and it cultivated congruity of sound and sense. It ended with being the "climax and innermost essence" of El Gay Saber; even as it appears in Spenser's Epithalamium, where L'Envoi says:—

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments, &c.

The first epoch of the Canzone (IXth to XIth centuries) was that of the Crusades: its spirit was the growth of its surroundings, chivalry, and patriotism, tempered by Christianity and the polish of Southern Europe; and it presented a warm and vivacious reaction to the frigid and lifeless pseudo-classicism which preceded it. The Arch-commentator notes that the earliest Spanish date from A.D. 1100, whereas

[1] Vers is almost synonymous with Chanso as,

Que non fesetz vers ni Chanso
(For verse you make not, ne Canzòn).

Probably the former was more primitive and treated the theme at greater length. The Chansoneta, again, was shorter, rarely exceeding three Strophes. The Chanso de Geste represented the genuine popular Epic: the Chanso Sirventes or Sirvente (from Lat. servire) and the Mieg (half) Sirventes, originally moral and religious, presently mixed (Chans mesclatz) politics, such as the Crociata, or Crusade-preaching, with love of God and woman. Lastly, as the tenderer subjects were excluded, and as there can be no good poetry without strong passion, the Sirvente became fiercely satirical as the Sonnets of Argensola, often degenerating into a mere lampoon highly adapted as a tool for the poetical and political Prince. Let me note that Wordsworth's definition, "The spontaneous (?) overflow of powerful feeling," applies mainly to his own. The poetry of feeling is as far inferior to the poetry of action as it is superior to the poetry of ingenuity.

[2] These dactylics (*sdruccioli*, *esdruxolos*) were generally set in 8-line stanzas.

the first Italians appear during the reigns of Frederick IInd and his Son (A.D. 1200). Its full bloom amongst the Troubadours,[1] in the two following centuries, was intensely personal and amatory; the exceptions being religious, encomiastic, "tributary" and mourning, the latter technically called Planch or Complancha (complaint). Through Dante and Petrarch the Canzone influenced all mediæval Europe; and we can hardly wonder that the Roman curia, with Moslem aridity, interdicted Provençal poetry when we read

Li douz cossire
Quem don Amors souven,

(That dulcest care
Love grants me times enow),

the love-song of Guillem de Cabestanh[2] which cost two noble lives.

[1] Trobador is the accusative of Trobaire, from trobar, to find: in our literature (Percy's Essay, &c.) we apply *Troubadour* to the Occitanian or Lingua d'Oc (*hoc*, this, yes) and *Trouvère* to the Langue d'Oïl (hoc-illud, oui, yes) while Minne- (love) singer is the German, and Scald is the Scandinavian equivalent. The "Romans" School numbers some 400 men (and 14 women) of whom 104 are known by name and 57, mostly titled, are famous. There were 23 royalties, including Alfonso II. of Aragon (reg. 1162–1196) and Richard, Lion-heart, whose Chanso O e no, composed in an Austrian prison, has been preserved in both dialects. Of ghostly men there were 13, and 22 belonged to the middle and lower orders. Hueffer and others explain the difference between the Troubadour and the Joglar (joculator, jongleur, "juggler"); the Rymour and the minstrel (menêtrier, minilstraulx, &c.), who sang as well as played, and lastly the English Glewe-man (Gleeman) the degenerate descendant of the Bards.

[2] Petrarch (Triumph of Love, Cap. IV.) calls him

quel Guglielmo
Che per cantare ha 'l fior dei suoi dì scemo;

(—— that Guillèm
Who by his singing shore his thread of days).

The same gallant fate befell the Spaniard Macias el Enamorado.

With this Cabestanh came the period of decay (XIVth and XVth centuries). Form was at once the pride and the bane of "Provincialismus" and all began to cultivate it almost equally well. There was exaggeration of its principal defect, want of unity, of organic growth: while each stanza was elaborated to a perfect unit, whole stanzas might be added or subtracted without injury. At the same time the symmetry and complexity of the strophes ran into wild extremes. Fancy and gallantry took the place of Love: even when the Trobaire sang a true passion, the stream flowed down an artificial channel, compelled by the rigid rules and the narrow conventional dialect, which formed the characteristic note of his poetry. The sameness of the subject equalled only the monotony of its treatment; the beauties of landscape became a mere frame-work of that pastoral scenery so seductive to city-poets; the style waxed even more studied and elaborate; the great triumph, like that of the Scandinavian and especially the Icelandic bards, was to write what the reader could not understand; and, if the writer could not understand himself, so much the better. Art, in fact, turned Nature out of doors and man resented the unfilial act. The date of death was during the XVth century.

Camoens has here again adhered to the technique of his predecessors. His Cançam is a rhythmical composition of various rhymed measures and cadences welded into an organic whole, showing skill, refinement, and the highest principle of art, unity in variety. Yet it has the simplicity of a song both in theme and treatment, a lyric whose subject is love, a lay which charms by the music of the words and which revels in the graceful intertwining of rhymes. The stanza (stantia, cobla, Span. copla) which succeeded the classical strophe, is the highest

development of the Troubadours, and here their formal studies were not drawbacks. They determined that the sections should not be less than five nor more than sixteen,[1] as "the latter would weary Job himself." The verses, which in each strophe must be at least seven and must not exceed twenty, should consist of "longs" (hendecasyllabics) cunningly intermixed with "shorts" (half-lines, heptasyllabics). The rhyme has an intricate distribution: it is forbidden to use four consonants like the Sonnet; and the song itself as well as the Remate, Tornada,[2] or Geleite (Envoi) should end in a distich which concludes the sense.[3] Formalists contend that these distichs should be long verses; but neither Petrarch nor Camoens supports them. It is rare that the Canzone-strophe passes into the next.

Another disputed rule is the tripartite division of the Canzone-stanza. According to some, the two first phrases, metrical and melodic, correspond in number and measure of verses: they would be the two *pedes* of early Italian writers, and Storck compares them with the "Stollen," or props, which formed the "Aufgesang" (up-song) of the Meistersänger. They are railed off by the Volta (turn), chief cæsura of the stanza, generally in the material form of a full stop. The third part is the Syrima, Syrma, or Cauda,[4]

[1] So the Ghazal, Eastern Canzone or Ode, does not exceed 18 couplets or it becomes a Kasídah.

[2] The *tornada* (refrain), so called because in it part of the Stanza returns (*torna*). As Hueffer has shown, the Triolet, the Rondeau, the Rondel (Redondilhas, Ringel-verse) and even the Chant Royal, are varieties of the same metrical theme, the Tornada-system.

[3] Exceptions are Petrarch, Part IV. Canz. III. and Camoens, No. III. (the latter, however, ultra-exceptional) and XIV.

[4] For the minutiæ of distribution as the *frons* (unbroken opening); the *versus* (when the pedes follow the Volta) and the *clavis*, or *rims espars*, forming the cæsura, students will

the German "Abgesang" (off-song). It must connect with the former part by a rhyme generally ending the first line: such bridging over is termed *concatenatio* by Dante. Its assonance should differ from that of the *pedes*, and its length must equal at least one of the "Stollen," and may equal the two. Each Canzon should conclude with an Envoi, mostly an address or a charge: the measure, not the rhyme, must be that of the Cauda; and the length should not exceed half that of the Stanza. As a rule the Envoi addresses the Canzon by name; and Camoens prefers doing this in the first line.[1]

Meanwhile, not a few consider this threefold division of the Canzon-stanza purely arbitrary, and contend that the rhyme divides it into two main sections like the Sonnet.

As in the Sonnet, so in the Canzone Camoens has not always bound himself to the rules of the disciplinarians. His No. IV. contains only four stanzas, one less than is permitted: moreover, his Envoi is of eight lines when it should not exceed half the length of the strophe, here thirteen lines. So Petrarch (I. 4) has one of eight lines to a stave of fourteen, and Bembo one of fourteen lines. From No. XVI. my Poet omits the Envoi; but that poemet, as has been said, is evidently a kind of Ode.

Petrarch used with great propriety and effect the middle-rhyme (*Binnenreim*)[2] between the end of one

consult some technical work, Bartsch, Diez, or Dr. F. Hueffer. The latter has lately published in his collection of magazine-essays in "Italian and other Studies," London, Stock, 1884.

[1] Petrarch, Part II. Canz. I. introduces the word in the third line. The Provençal *Tornada* also contained "Madonna's" Senhal or pseudonym. The Shah-bayt or terminal couplet of the Eastern Ghazal prefers the author's nom-de-plume.

[2] These are the "crypto-rhymes" of Southey's Kehama; and he considers that the system "unites the advantage of rhyme with the strength and freedom of blank verse in a manner

line and the middle of the next. It must not be confounded with the interwoven rhyme.[1] The Italian reserved it for the end of a Canzon (Part I. 15) following two rhymed couplets; and he was successfully imitated by Garcilasso and by Camoens, as in the Envoi of Canzon XIV.,

peculiar to itself." He can hardly have thought middle-rhyme his own invention. A learned German, August Fuchs, attempted to trace such rhymes in Homer and to prove that they were appreciated by the Greeks. In Ovid (A. A. I. 59) we have

Quot cœlum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas.

See a learned note in Ticknor, Period II. chap. 2.

[1] The older "ryme interlacée," which began with the Leonines and which overran Europe in the Xth—XIth centuries. Thus Pope Damasus (IVth century) wrote:—

Cartula nostra *tibi* portat, Rainolde, salutes,
Pauca videbis *ibi*, sed non mea dona refutes, &c.

So the Welsh epitaph,

Constans et certus, jacet hic Ryewallis opertus
Abbas Robertus, cujus Deus esto misertus;

with the Latin Confession,

Hoc scio pro certo, quod si cum stercore certo
Vinco vel vincor semper ego maculor;

and the celebrated line,

Si dativus fueris, quandocunque veneris, genitivus eris.

This trick became complicated in the extreme, *e.g.*

Cumque laborum cumque dolorum sit sitabundus,
Nos irritans, nos invitans ad mala mundus.

The subject is copiously treated in Dr. Guest's "History of English Rhythms"; edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, London, Bell, 1882. Dr. Guest was profound in metrical scholarship, in verse opposed to poetry, but his taste seems to have been on a par with that of Dr. Johnson (see his pp. 147, 162, 182, 284, &c.). He was a master of form while feeble in the sense of colour—the clean contrary, by the bye, of "Futurity Wagner."

Da natural *firmeza*
Ou tenho *natureza* em mi mudada;
(In Nature's firmest *Law*
Or that my Nature *saw* her shape all changed).[1]

Cervantes did not disdain it, *e.g.* the Canzon of Grisóstomo (D. Quix., I. cap. XIV.), and in modern days it was revived by Alfieri (Sonn. III. 4).

I have been careful to preserve the peculiarity, but not, like Professor Storck, to leave a gap by way of appealing to the eye. The great difficulty is the poverty of feminines in the English rimarium: the cæsura falling upon the second or third foot (iamb or trochee) gives a jerking and staccato effect, which contrasts unpleasantly with the flowing melody of the neo-Latin. Hence, "wherever the rhyme is quite obvious the effect is not good, and where it is little noticed the lines take rather the effect of blank verse."[2]

Professor Storck prudently refuses to express an opinion on the Camonian Canzon: a translator's praise always sounds interested and exaggerated. As he remarks, we had better note popular estimate in the Portuguese home. Surrupita has been quoted. Faria y Sousa declares that he finds in the Cançoes *ninguna palabra viciosa y pocas sin mysterio;* but his criticism is often in its dotage, confined to exclamations of Magistral! Divine! J. S. Garrett[3] distinctly prefers the Canzons as "the most significant and the most complete." F. M. de Souza Botelho[4]

[1] As will appear in a future volume, Camoens uses this contrivance by way of variety for his Eclogues, *e.g.* Ecl. II.

[2] Ticknor (loc. cit.) applies this to Spanish "middle-rhyme," and we may à majori extend it to English.

[3] "Historia da Lingua e Poesia Portugueza," with an abstract in the Parnaso Lusitano: Paris, Aillaud, 1826–34.

[4] The Morgado de Matteus of the grand Edition: "Life," I. 110.

ranks them with those of Petrarch and Bembo as regards beauty of diction, music of verse and portraiture of Nature,[1] while he places even higher than the *Tre Sorelle*[2] of Laura's lover, the VIth, the Xth, and the XIth of Camoens. With this especial assertion I quite agree: the two autobiographicals, notably No. XI., are unsurpassed: they have the naïveté of Horace and the tenderness of Catullus.

But the highest merit of the Canzons is the wealth of meaning which underlies an apparently shallow soil; the truly lyric style of allusion, and the remarkable suggestiveness, an art of hinting in poetry that preserves all the charm of the Unexplored. Professor Storck,[3] not to name others, has noticed the *reizende Halbdunkel* of these poemets, which invites the fancy to seek fresh significance, and which adds a spiritual power to the material beauties of the song.

Hence, probably, I have found amongst my Master's works these Canzons the most difficult portion to translate. In some, indeed, I have not attempted the difference of rhyme which should distinguish the latter from the former part of the Stanza; and I can only plead Chaucer's plea—necessity—

Sith ryme in Englissh hath such scarcity.

But I cannot accuse myself of haste or carelessness. The work, such as it is, has occupied me for years, and has demanded an amount of labour wholly disproportioned to its physical bulk.

[1] Humboldt (Kosmos, II. p. 425, Bohn) terms Camoens a "great sea-painter in the truest sense of the term," a judgment endorsed by Bouterwek. (Geschichte, &c., Göttingen, 1805; translated, with notes, by Miss Thomasina Ross in 1823: I quote from her volume, London, Bogue, 1847.)

[2] Part I. Canzons VIII., IX., and X.

[3] Preface to the Sämmtliche Canzonen, p. 12. It is remarkably well written, and makes students regret that my learned correspondent has been so chary of his prefaces.

SECTION III.—OF THE CAMONIAN ODE.

"ODE," to the English ear, suggests Pindar and Horace rather than the simple Carmen, the Canticle, the Chaunt, which it literally and originally means. Thus in the LXX we have Ὠδή = Canticum ad Assyrios, "a song to the Assyrians" (Ps. lxxvi.); and the Hebrew Mazmúr[1] here denotes "a regular composition as to words and music."

Camoens, however, did not affect the classic regularity of the Greek nor the immense metrical variety of the Roman, with "their strait-waistcoat of strophe, antistrophe, and epode." He found an Ode, mediæval and neo-Latin, ready to his hand; and made "modish" in Italy by Bernardo Tasso, who had evolved it out of Petrarch; and in Spain by Herrera[2] and Garcilasso: Ronsard (1550) was introducing it with a monotonous classicism into France, and Ben Jonson was about to become its putative father in England. It soon formed a code for itself. Choral divisions were rejected because it was not, like its classical ancestor, made to be sung with the accompaniment of a "virile Doric harmony"; but it preserved that "inevitableness of cadence" which forms the physical charm of the lyric. The subjects prescribed were mostly classical and the tone was ordered to be higher and deeper than the Canzon's: hence, "the vehemence and the elevation of the

[1] The root is the Arab-Heb. Zamar, prune, sing.

[2] Camoens may have read the great Theban as "Pindarus. Olympia, Pythia, Nemea, &c. Græcè et Latinè excudebat Henr. Stephanus, 1560," appeared a decade before his death.

[3] Like Chiabrera in Italy, he mixed the Pindaric Ode with the indigenous Canzon.

grander Ode." The metre must consist of "longs" and of "shorts," to be combined in four several modes.[1] The strophes number a minimum of nine in order to give the poem a certain body and consistency: they must not be less than twelve if each consist of only five, six, or seven verses; and they should contain even more if the lines be reduced to three and four, as in the Sapphic Ode. But, when the strophes exceed these lengths, the Ode touches upon the Canzon.

These Stanza-groups, which were also applied to the Threne or threnody, the Epicedium and the Elegy or Funeral Ode, overspread Europe in the Renascence period, and became subject to the fantastics of modern taste. The normal type split into two species, the Pindaric with its "wave, answering wave and echo gathering the tones of both"; and the Canzon-ode, a regular succession of similar Stanzas. Then came the pseudo-Pindaric or dithyrambic period, an unartistic imitation of a most artistic model; with us the coryphæus was Cowley; it was a favourite with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and it ended with Keats, who popularised the modern form. This "group of Stanzas, each exactly following the preceding, and each more or less like one movement of an Ode of Pindar," forms, in fact, the Camonian type. We find few deviations from it except when the subject demands irregularity like Swinburne's "By the North Sea," as contrasted with "To Victor Hugo in Exile"; both being the perfection of metrical music. A small collection

[1] *E.g.* (a) 3 shorts + 1 long; (b) lines 1 and 3 short and 2 and 4 long; (c) lines 1 and 4 long and 2 and 3 short; (d) lines 1, 2 and 4 long and 3 short (F. y S., Vol. IV. 118). Camoens uses his "shorts" to produce the effect of a fall after his "longs"; and he has none of that jerky metre which offends the ear in Milton's Nativity-ode.

lately published makes it clear that there are, perhaps, twenty satisfactory English Odes of which three-fourths were written during this century; and that the last is the best.[1]

Camoens displays in his Odes the same ability as in his Canzons to develop the spiritual part, the emotional law showing the sentiment which produced the music: hence his Arch-encomiast cries (Vol. IV. 163), "Such be the secrets of the Poet who seems so simple and so shallow." He never mars the apparent spontaneity of his impulse by the evident artifice of his form; while his genuine fervour of feeling and poetic enthusiasm raise him high above that frigid rhetoric, the bane of English, one may almost say of modern, Odes. His strophes have the sweet directness of Spenser, in which the metrical waves rise and fall fluid as the sea—a characteristic excellence.

The Arch-commentator, unlike the first collector, declares, "I hold the Odes to be the finest of his lyricks," and specifies four which will "never," he thinks, be "equalled."[2] But, being a conservative in poetry, he cannot approve of No. II., whose Stanzas are so constructed that the same rhyme runs through them, while they are themselves rhymeless.[3] This,

[1] "English Odes selected by Edmund W. Gosse," London, C. Kegan Paul, 1881. The model specimens in English are one each by Spenser and Milton, Collins and Coleridge; two by Wordsworth; four by Shelley; five by Keats and many by Swinburne. Of the laureated productions Mr. Gosse justly says (Introd. XVI.): "Meanwhile (before Southey in 1816) about one hundred and twenty royal Odes had been written, of which not one is a readable or even a tolerable production."

[2] The four mentioned in the Prologo are Numbers I., IV., VI., and X.

[3] Thus the first line of Stanza 1 ends in *formosa;* of Stanza 2 in *rosa* and so on, *irosa*, *rigorosa*, *prosa*, *dileitosa* and *perigosa*.

like the Sextine, was an invention of Arnaut Daniel, in whom the artificial school culminated: he affected it in many of his Canzons and he was imitated by Petrarch (Part I. Canz. II.). To our ears the consonance, suspended for an interval of six lines, is hardly perceptible; yet the effect is novel and striking. As a rule the rhyme of the Odes is easy and natural, seldom broken by the *Rims cars*. Camoens dispenses with the rhyme-emphasis of Dryden (St. Cecilia's Day) and the anti-rhyme reaction of Keats' Endymion; while he gives his song a certain quaintness by "approximating more nearly to the ancient style of Portuguese verse." [1]

[1] Foster, "Spanish Literature," p. 330; Bouterwek. (p. 194) quoted by Prof. Storck, "Buch der Elegien, Sestinen, Oden und Octaven," pp. 328, 329.

SECTION IV.—OF THE CAMONIAN SEXTINE.

CONCERNING the Sextine in general I have little to say that has not been said before. It is simply a 6-verse stave without rhymes; but with the same words so used in the successive Stanzas that each, in due and orderly turn, closes the Stanza, while all are combined, after an artificial scheme, in the epilogue or terminal triplet. Hence the Sextine cannot exceed 39 lines, whilst the madrigal must not outnumber 20. Modern students know that the invention was attributed by Dante to Arnaut Daniel; that the Father of Italian Poetry adopted it from the "Great Master of Love" (*et nos eum secuti sumus*);[1] that Petrarch affected it with enthusiasm, and that Spenser attempted to naturalise it amongst us in his Shepherd's Calendar (August). Of late it has been the fashion to level the delicate device with the childish *bout-rimés*, and Dr. Guest (p. 651) ends his short account of the Sextine with, "Celebrity was cheaply purchased when an invention such as this could ensure it."

But the Rhythmist would not understand that Variety is one of the lives of poetry which, like the proverbial felines, has nine. Even Dr. Johnson's ear found a work of length in rhymed heroic couplets "insufferably monotonous and dozing";[2] and the delicate ear of the South was hard pushed to

[1] Treating of the "Lingua di Sì" in De Vulg. Elog. Cap. X. Rossetti (pp. 127–29) gives one of Dante's, and two others are attributed to him (Canzoniere: edit. Giuliani, p. 227). Yet the Florentine places the "best smith of his mother tongue" in Purgatory (XXVI. 117–119).

[2] The rhymed couplet, the hexameter and the tercet, or triple rhyme in English, show how much custom and familiarity can effect for the education of the ear and the satisfaction of

escape this evil: it was dissatisfied with *Verso sciolto* (rhymeless verse) and it was not satisfied with the *Discort* (discord), a song all irregularity. Remained therefore a something combining two extremes, a structure built upon the base of blank verse and yet various in its unity. This explanation appears more natural than Hueffer's idea that the pseudo-scientific regularity of the scheme fascinated the mediæval mind.

It is hardly to be expected that the economy of the Sextine should continue unaltered: men do not dance in hob-nails without seeking the relief of change. Dante, who loved to associate with musicians like Casella, and to collect melodies for his Canzons and other lyrics, at once deviated from his model. While adhering to essentials he makes the opening lines of each Stantia equal, whereas in Provençal they are shorter by a foot; and he rearranges the words of the Tornada. Thus his Sextine becomes *sub Odâ continuâ*, wherein the flow of versical musick proceeds with equal strain and without pause to the end.[1] Petrarch, following Dante, was careful to choose *rims escars*, the *claves* of his predecessor, that is, unmatched by consonances in their own stanzas.

the sense. Almost all enjoy (must I say enjoyed?) Dryden and Pope; few take any pleasure in vernacular dactyls and spondees, and even fewer in the *terza rima*. As regards the latter our reviewers are only beginning to realise an elementary truth, namely that the tercet is a true and complete Stanza (probably derived from the three-lined Ritornello or Stornello). Yet they were clearly told so a decade ago by Dr. Hugo Schuchardt (*Ritornell und Terzina*, p. 127, Halle, 1875). Even the Sonnet still labours under the ill-fame of being a foreigner; and not a few Englishmen, like Dr. Whewell, frankly own they "don't like Sonnets at all." Hence Wordsworth excused it, and Byron abused it, though his own are far above the average. Of the Tercet I shall have more to say in my next volume.

[1] This absence of the Volta has been perpetuated (Hueffer, p. 342); and Sextines with marked rests or pauses are not true Sextines.

Further north the fate of the Sextine was the same. Sir Philip Sidney (Queen Elizabeth's "foolish fellow"), apparently not finding the economy difficult enough, added four verses and made it a dixaine. Spenser ends many lines with monosyllables (woe, part) when the dissyllable was the general rule of the neo-Latins.[1] Drummond of Hawthornden further complicates it with an end-rhyme. In England it owns the modern recovery of its ancient honours to my friend Swinburne, whose revivals are almost as numerous as his inventions.

Here end my notices of my Master's first Lyrics in their four several forms. It is evident that to do the subject full justice a volume would be required; but it is equally evident that it is not yet required by a Publikum which has hardly noticed that the name of "Virgilius Lusitanus" has been omitted from the "Lives and Portraits of the Hundred Greatest Men in History," not to speak of a certain marvellous "Memorial" in Hyde-Park.[2]

[1] In Petrarch's nine we find only one exception to the rule of dissyllables—*arriva* (Part II. 3). He wrote a single Double Sextine (Part II. 1) and here he has not been imitated by Camoens. He sought for *rimes riches* as l'aura and Laura (Part I. 8) and he does not always avoid assonance in his terminations; for example *stile* and *rime* are found in successive lines. Swinburne ends his Sextine-lines with monosyllables as well as dissyllables.

[2] London, Low, 4 vols. MM. Arnold, Froude, and Max Müller know Cervantes but ignore Camoens. As regards that marvellous "Memorial," see Mr. Aubertin's note to "The Times" (Nov. 12, 1883). The omission is an old grievance with the Portuguese; but we Englishmen remember the post-mortem dishonours offered to Byron by the London Philistine and Pharisee. This, too, when grateful Greece was inscribing a monument τῇ ἱερᾷ ψυχῇ τοῦ Λόρδου Βύρωνος—to the holy Soul of Lord Byron.

The following are the three oldest Italian Sonnets alluded to in Appendix I. p. 451.

I.

LODOVICO DELLA VERNACCIA.

Se 'l subbietto preclaro, O cittadini.

If you, O Citizens! theme so high, so digne
As our ambitious deeds aimed honestly,
Glossing the text would test by phantasy
Seemeth it not some pastime infantine?
If on our accidents and intestine
Troubles you ponder with due modesty,
You will incline your stubborn souls and see
Deep rooted in your hearts the horny spine.

When lief would Reason punish all offences
Of divers foemen and debel the proud,
Ne'er must the triumph of the Sword be shent:
But, an by violence spoiled and high pretences
It must be usèd on the losel crowd,
Sole shall the Sword be held magnificent.

II.

MESSER POLO.

Si como il balenato foco acciso.

E'en as the Leven-fire with lamping light
Starkens in òbscure air, and then resplends
Wi' glare far broadening and blazing bright,
While crash of thundering storm on Earth descends;
That Men advisèd be by fear and fright
Things may be true to him that Truth intends;
So when I view her in my captive plight
Returning splendour to these eyne she lends:

And since she came in sight with splendour fraught
All tongues, so cruel-fond of evil tale
Thunder their parles, and hurt for me have wrought.
I answer those at thee would see me rail
Full oft shall trouble turn a man to naught
But life of finer Love shall never fail.

III.

PIER DELLE VIGNE.

Però ch' Amore non si può vedere.

Now for-that eyne view not the form of Love,
Nor may his shape be weighed in corporal way,
Amid the many-headed some would prove
Love to be nothing and his life denay:
But, sithence Love our every sense can move
With lordly power and gar all hearts obey,
More price he fairly claims to his behoove,
Than were Love visible to our visual ray.

Yet as the virtue unto Magnet dight
Attracteth iron while none the draughtage see'th
Yet to himself he draw'th with dominant hest;
Thus me this matter shall to trust invite
That Love *hath* being; and dealeth firmest Faith
To see firm Faith in Love by folk confest.

APPENDIX II.

INDICES AND NOTES.

Section I.—Of the Sonnets.
Section II.—Of the Canzons.
Section III.—Of the Odes.
Section IV.—Of the Sextines.

APPENDIX II.

SECTION I.—OF THE SONNETS: INDEX OF INITIAL LINES AND NOTES.

A

SONNET PAGE

123. *A chaga que, Senhora, me fizestes* 106
(The wound, Senhora! you have doomed me dree).

263. *Achome da Fortuna salteado* 200
(I find me waylaid by that bandit Fate).

271. *A formosura desta fresca serra* 205
(These Mountain-beauties of the freshest green).

192. *Agora toma a espada, agora a pena* 152
(Now hends in hand the Brand, now hends the Pen).

Two *double entendres:* Ribeyra (Riverside, line 4) refers to Estacio's beloved Francisca R.; and Faro (Pharos, line 14) to Faria. The two stars (line 11) are the Sun and Moon in his horoscope. The first line is from Garcilasso's third Eclogue,

Tomando ora la espada, ora la pluma,

which was also borrowed by Ercilla (Araucana).

174. *Ah, Fortuna cruel! Ah, duros Fados!*..... 140
(Ah cruel Fortune! Ah Fate loath to spare!).

170. *Ah, minha Dinamene! Assi deixaste*..... 138
(Then couldst thou leave, ah Dinamène mine!).

Prof. Storck understands in line 3 "pode," present tense for "pôde," the past.

SONNET PAGE

168. *Ay Amiga cruel! que apartamento* 136
(Ay, fair and cruel friend! What sad amiss).

290. *A lá en Monte Rei, en Bal de Laça* 218
(There on the Monte Rey, in Val de Lace).

161. *A la margen del Tajo, en claro dia* 132
(By Tagus' margin on a bloom of day).
The average number of hairs on a man's head is between 127,000 and 128,000.

40. *Alegres campos, verdes arvoredos* 51
(Glad smiling Pastures, gay and greeny Glade).

207. *Alegres campos, verdes, deleitosos* 162
(Glad meadows! gaily deckt with greeny dyes).
Compare Margaret and her Sternblume (Garden Scene, Faust). The Bemmequer is a Marigold; the Malmequer a Chrysanthemum (leucanthemum): in Canz. XVI. they are distinguished. Jur. misexplains the last tercet.

229. *Alma gentil, que à firme Eternidade* 177
(Gent Soul! that unto firm Eternity).

19. *Alma minha gentil, que te partiste* 37
(My gentle Spirit! thou who didst depart).
One of the most affecting. Camoens uses *gentil* in our sense of "gentle" (gentleman, &c.) so frequently, that D. Juliana de Lara used to say he was *todo gentil*. We may compare William Drummond's—
"Sweet Soul, which in the April of thy years," &c.

331. *Al pie de una verde e alta enzina* 245
(At foot of lofty holm, in verdant shade).

332. *Amor, Amor, que fieres al coitado* 246
(Love! Love! who joyest aye the wretch to smite).
The rhyme-words *Enganos* and *Creo* occur twice.

SONNET PAGE

50. *Amor, com a esperança já perdida* 58
(Amor! with Esperance now for aye forlore).

81. *Amor he hum fogo que arde sem se ver* 78
(Love is a living Lowe that lurking burneth).

209. *Amor, que em sonhos vãos do pensamento* ... 164
(Love who in vainest dreams of phantasy).

8. *Amor, que o gesto humano na Alma escreve*... 30
(Amor, who human geste on Soul doth write).

135. *A Morte, que da vida o nó desata* 114
(Death, who our life-knot loveth to unknit).

355. *Angelica la bella despreciando*..... 261
(Angelica, the bellabone, misdeeming).

244. *Aos homẽes hum so Homem pos espanto*..... 187
(One Man man's nature with high marvel prankt).

Prof. Storck reads *ser* (to be) for *ver* (to see) in line 7. He has misunderstood the mystery.

53. *Apartavase Nise de Montano*..... 60
(Departed Nisé parted from Montane).

262. *A Peregrinacão de hum pensamento* 199
(The Pilgrimaging of a Thought intent).

90. *A perfeyçao, a graça, o doce geito* 84
(That Grace most perfect shown by soft sweet Geste).

51. *Apolo, e as nove Musas, discantando* 58
('Mid the nine Muses' choir, Apollo singing).

240. *Aponta e bella Aurora, Luz primeira* 184
(Breatheth the fair Aurora, primal Sheen).

94. *Aquella que de pura castidade* 88
(She, who by purest Chastity's decree).

SONNET PAGE

74. *Aquella fera humana, que enriquece* 74
(That feral Human who her wealth doth owe).

24. *Aquella triste, e léda madrugada* 40
(That dawn of dewy Day, so black, so bright).

317. *Aquelles claros olhos que chorando* 236
(Those brightly beaming Eyne with tearful stain).

182. *Aqui de longos danos breve historia* 146
(Here of my long-lost Weal short history).

344. *A Roma populaça proguntava* 254
(Happed of the Roman populace to speer).

114. *Ar, que de meus suspiros vego cheyo* 100
(Air! I see chargèd with my heavy sighs).

136. *Arvore, cujo pomo bello, e brando* 115
(Tree! on whose gracious Pome we see the trace).

All the Commentators puzzle over "tree," and F. y S. gives a list of what it may be. I hold it to be the Indian rose-apple (*Eugenia jambos*).

349. *A ti, Senhor, a quem as Sacras Musas* 257
(To thee, Senhor! whose Soul the sacred Muses).

318. *Ausente dessa vista, pura e bella*..... 236
(While from that pure belle Vision driven afar).

119. *A Violeta maes bella que amanhece* 104
(The daintiest Violet which a-morning blown).

222. *Ay! quien dará a mis ojos una fuente* 172
(Ah! Who shall give a fountain to these eyne).

SONNET PAGE

215. *Ayudame, Señora, a ser vengança* 172
(Aid me, my Ladye! some revenge to wreak).

B

79. *Bem sey, Amor, que he certo o que receo*..... 77
(Well weet I, Love! the truth I dread and grieve).

108. *Brandas aguas do Tejo, que passando*..... 96
(Soft Tejo waters! passing through this Plain).

15. *Busque Amor novas artes, novo engenho* 34
(Devise Love novel arts, a new design).

C

169. *Campo nas Syrtes deste mar da vida* 137
(Country in shoaling Syrt of Being-sea).

343. *Cançada e rouca boz por que bolando*..... 253
(Weary harsh-sounding Voice! why take not flight).

194. *Cá nesta Babilonia a donde mana*..... 154
(Here in this Babylon-realm, where rails amain).

172. *Cantando estava hum dia bem seguro* 139
(One day befell me I sang my song secure).

23. *Chara minha Enemiga, em cuja mão* 40
(My fondest-hateful Foe! within whose hand).

284. *Chorai, Nymphas, os fados poderosos* 214
(Bewail, ye Nymphs! the fiat of fatal might).

150. *Coytado! que em hum tempo choro, e rio* ... 124
Poor I! who laugh and cry at single tide).

SONNET PAGE

346. *Com o generoso rostro alanceado*..... 255
(With sign of lance-thrust on his generous face).

3. *Com grandes esperanças já cantey* 26
(Whilere I sang my song with hope so high).

316. *Com o tempo o prado seco reverdece* 235
(Wi' Time the wilted meadow waxeth green).

The style is that of Camoens (Cf. Sonn. 296), but the authorship is disputed. Jur. (II. 495) gives the Spanish, which may be the original.

61. *Como fizeste, ó Porcia, tal ferida ?*..... 65
(How couldst, O Portia ! deal thee wound so dread ?)

246. *Como louvarey eu, Serafim Santo*..... 188
(How shall I, holy Seraph ! hymn the praise ?).

235. *Como podes (ó cego Peccador !)*..... 181
(How canst (O Sinner blindly gone astray !).

80. *Como quando do Mar tempestuoso* 78
(As when a savèd Waif fro' stormy Main).

223. *Con razon os vays, aguas, fatigando*..... 173
With reason, Waters ! do ye toil and tire).

305. *Contas, que traz Amor com meus cuidados*... 228
(Accounts that Cupid keeps with my unhele).

248. *Contente vivi jà, vendome isento* 190
(Content I livèd erst, when seeing me free).

87. *Conversação domestica afeyçoa*..... 82
(Domestick Converse oft shall Love effect).

195. *Correm turbas as agoas deste rio* 154
(Turbid the waters of our River glide).

SONNET PAGE

129. *Crecey, desejo meu, poys que a Ventura* 110
(Grow ye my Longings! sithence Aventure).

153. *Criou a Natureza Damas bellas* 126
(Nature bare lovely Dames, and Poet's lay).

D

68. *Dai-me huma ley, Senhora, de querervos* 70
(Deal me a law to love you, Dame! I pray you).

308. *D'amores de huma inclita donzella*..... 230
(Smitten with love of inclyt Damosel).

92. *De Amor escrevo, de Amor trato, e vivo* 92
(Of Love I write, of Love I treat and live).

237. *De Babel sobre os rios nos sentamos* 182
(On Babylon-waters sunk in woe sat we).

63. *Debaxo desta pedra está metido* 66
(Lieth ensepulchrèd beneath this stone).

The Commentators term the last tercet a "true enigma"; the learned Professor Storck cannot explain it (p. 380); and F. y S. (p. 129) makes poor work of it in two ways. Evidently it means: "Take example from Dardania (Rome), for even Hannibal, who humiliated her, could not make her rival (Carthage) content." So the death of D. Fernando was no real gain to the Indian enemy. The idea is bodily taken from Sophonisba's words (Petrarch's Triumph of Love), Chap. II.,

S'Africa pianse, Italia non ne rise.

230. *Debaxo desta pedra, sepultada* 178
(She lies ensepulchred below this stone).

198. *Dece do Ceo immenso Deos benino* 156
(Descends from Heaven's immense the God benign).

SONNET PAGE

116. *De cà, donde somente o imaginarvos* 102
(Hence (where to image you and only you).

249. *Deixa Apolo o correr taõ apressado* 190
(Forego, Apollo, thy so hasty course).

203. *De frescas belvederes rodeadas* 160
(By bents encircled, blooming green and gay).

There is a contrast between Cupid (Desire) and Amor (Love).

280. *De hum taõ felice engenho, produzido* 65
(That happy genius thine, begot and grow

This Sonnet can hardly be of Camoens if he sp of Torquato Tasso; but it may allude Bernardo Tasso, whom our Poet admired. ... 188
he would hardly have styled Boscan "o the when he was a Basque. Both B. Tass Boscan wrote upon "Hero and Leander tale begun by Musæus. 181

121. *De mil sospeitas vans se me levantaõ* ..ay !).
(Fro' vain suspicions in a thousand w..... 78

201. *Depoys de aver chorado os meus torme* ain).
(When I had wept, bewailing my de..... 173

4. *Despoys que quis Amor que eu só pas* tire).
(When Love so willed on me a *ados*... 228
vented). hy un-

55. *Despoys de tantos dias mal gastados*
(After so many days spent evilly). 190

109. *Despoys que vio Cibele o corpo hum* he free).
(When viewèd Cybelè what erst h..... 82

The last tercet may allude to The Lusia e effect).
Portugal. Bishop G. Pinheiro had
Poet's release from prison in Lisb 154
1852 to March 7, 1853). ide).

SONNET PAGE

330. *De piedra, de metal, de cousa dura* 244
(With stone, with metal, substance cold and dure).

131. *De quantas graças tinha a Natureza*..... 112
(Nature of all her graces infinite).

62. *De taõ divino acento em voz humana* 66
(Of accents human yet in heavenly strains).

This Sonnet is in reply to the following sent to Camoens by a poetical admirer, whose name is now unknown.

Quem he este, que na arpa Lusitana.

308. *L* Who be this bard wi' harp of Lusian strain
(S Graian and Latin Muses gars decline;
And bids us unremember the Plautine
92. *De* Graces, for gladding grace and harp hautain?
(O Luis de Camoens 'tis, whom sovereign
Powers empowerèd with such Parts divine,
237. *De* With bloom and blossoms breathing from the
(Or line
of the Homerick Muse and Mantuan.
63. *Deb* adst thou (triumphant Rome!) this Scion bred
(Liet To deck thy theatre, thy drama luminous,
The er at great Terence haddest marvellèd;
eni Nay! rather, sans debate, a curious
exp tue of gold for him thou haddest made,
poo lappy wi' Fortune's gift, so grand, so glorious.
mea *ntas perfeiçoens a natureza* 229
for such perfections Nature gave her
not e).
deat
India *s me aparto (ó vida!) e em tal*
Soph *dança* 39
Love) you (dear my life!) and as I leave).

230. *Debaxo e, cantinelas dulces mias* 264
(She lies me, ye douce melodious Lays o'

198. *Dece do*
(Descend *rateada esclarecida* 217
benign lightenèd with silvern light).

SONNET PAGE

287. *Diversos casos, varios pensamentos* 216
(Differing cases, Thought of varied sents).

In line 9 the Editions (Jur. included) have *desejo* for *desejado;* and *mudam* occurs twice as a rhyme-word. Prof. Storck (p. 424) has ably restored the text by changing five words, and I have translated accordingly.

142. *Diversos dões reparte o Ceo benino* 119
(Distribute sundry boons the Heavens benign).

160. *Divina Companhia, que nos prados* 131
(Ye god-like Bevy who upon the plain).

The "fane of Bellerophon" on Mount Parnassus is "the Basilica of poetic Fame."

281. *Dizei, Senhora, da belleza idéa* 212
(Beauty's ideal, Ladye! deign me say).

187. *Ditosa pena, como a mão que a guia* 149
(Pen! ever happy as its guiding hand).

Of this Sonnet there are two variants, one printed in Garcia d' Orta's book (*see post*, p. 533). Manoel Barata's *Tratado* appeared in 1590, when Spain was famous for calligraphy as Persia. The last tercet may allude to a vignette of Apollo crowning the calligrapher.

247. *Ditosas Almas, que ambas juntamente* 189
(Ye happy Spirits! who at once in twain).

75. *Ditoso seja aquelle que sómente* 74
(Happy be mortal man if he lament).

265. *Doce contentamento já passado* 201
(Sweetest Content that was with joys that were).

288. *Doce sonho, suave, e soberano* 216
(Sweet Dream of joyaunce suavest, sovereign).

SONNET PAGE

133. *Doces, e claras aguas do Mondego* 113
(Sweet lucent waters of Mondego-stream).

18. *Doces lembranças da passada gloria* 36
(Delicious Memories of a Past so glorious).

338. *Do corpo estava já quasi forçada* 250
(Enforced by greater force well-nigh had fled).

328. *Do estan los claros ojos que colgada* 243
(Where be those clearest orbs that wont to bear).

86. *Dos antigos Ilustres, que deixarað* 82
(Of olden Worthies who, by deeds of daring).

119. *Dos Ceos á terra dece a mór Belleza* 157
(Fro' Heaven the highest Beauty earthward flies).

The rhyme-word *contenta* recurs in lines 10 and 14.

225. *Dulces engaños de mis ojos tristes* 174
(Ye douce Delusions of my doleful eyes).

E

283. *El vaso relusiente, y cristalino* 213
(That Vial lucident and chrystalline).

Jur. (II. 448) and others find this Sonnet enigmatical by referring it to the B. Sacrament. Prof. Storck (p. 423) cleverly solves the puzzle by showing that it speaks of the Agua de Angeles (angel-water), a then well-known perfume.

239. *Em Babilonia sobre os rios, quando* 184
(When by the Rivers Babylon doth rail).

12. *Em flor vos arrancou, de entað crecida* 32
(In flower uprooted you, Bloom yet unblown).

SONNET PAGE

26. *Em fermosa Letéa se confia* 42
(So did Lethæa for-that fair confide).

5. *Em prisoens baxas, fuy hum tempo atado;* 28
(I lay in Durance vile long while detainèd).

Some refer this Sonnet to the Ancilla; others make the "durance vile" allude to worldly miseries in general.

292. *Em quanto Phebo os montes accendia* 219
(While Phœbus flamed the fells with rosy ray).

1. *Em quanto quis Fortuna que tivesse* 25
(While Fortune willèd that for me be dight).

309. *Em hum batel que com doce meneio* 230
(In a slight Barque that softly, gently swaying).

The German girl's version is, The ghost is willing, but the meat is weak.

254. *Em huma lapa, toda tenebrosa* 194
(Deep in a cavern gloomed with gathered night).

165. *En una selva al dispuntar del dia* 134
(Hid in a forest, at the flush of day).

Prof. Storck (p. 398) by Sol (line 3) understands Selene, apparently without reason: Endymion complains of the Sun for obscuring his goddess.

193. *Erros meus, má Fortuna, Amor ardente* 153
(Mine Errors, evil Fortune, Amor's lowe).

88. *Esforço grande igual ao pensamento* 83
(Strong Force embodying Thought's ideal strain).

188. *Espanta crecer tanto o Crocodilo* 150
(We note with marvel growth of Crocodile).

SONNET PAGE

104. *Esses cabellos louros, e escolhidos* 94
(These fair-faxt Tresses of the choicest shade).

28. *Estàse a Primavera trasladando* 43
(Prime all her beauties loveth to transmew).

Olhos (line 11) means buds as well as eyes. The exhortation reminds us of Shakespeare's first Sonnets preaching matrimony.

30. *Esta o lascivo, e doce passarinho*..... 44
(Sits the sweet Birdie, ever gladsome-gay).

269. *Este amor que vos tenho limpo, e puro* 204
(This Love for you I keep so chaste and pure).

127. *Esse terreste Caos com seus vapores* 109
(This earthly Chaos, with its vaporous layer).

Prof. Storck would change the places of *rigores* (line 5) and *favores* (line 8); I think with judgment, but I dare not alter a text so generally adopted.

2. *En cantarey de Amor taõ docemente*..... 26
(My song of Love I will so sweetly sing).

167. *En cantey já, e agora vou chorando* 136
(I sang in Bygones; now I weep to see).

158. *Eu me aparto de vós, Ninfas do Tejo* 130
(Nymphs of the Tagus! I fro' you take flight).

278. *Eu vivia de lagrimas isento* 210
(Exempt fro' tears I wended life-tide's way).

F

69. *Ferido sem ter cura perecia*..... 70
(A desperate wound was dealt sans hope of heal).

SONNET PAGE

211. *Fiouse o coraçaõ, de muyto isento* 165
(The heart entrusted self erst Fancy-free).

Prof. Storck (p. 411) explains this Sonnet by the dropped letter of Antiochus in *El-Rei Seleuco;* it is usually held to be personal.

306. *Fermosa mão que o coração me aperta* 228
(That fair-formed Hand my heart in holding takes).

333. *Fermoso Tejo meu quam differente* 246
(My lovely Tagus! with what different Sent).

206. *Fermosa Beatriz, tendes taes geitos*..... 162
(Beautiful Beatrice! such 'luring geste).

259. *Fermosos olhos, que cuidado days* 197
(Beautiful eyes which deal an envious care).

308. *Fermosos olhos, que na idade nossa*..... 50
(Beautiful Eyën, to our days displaying).

66. *Fermosura do Ceo a nós decida*..... 68
(Beauty from heavenly heights to Earth descended).

267. *Fortuna em mim guardando seu direito* ... 202
(Fortune o'er me reserving rightful Hest).

Jur. in last triplet prints *sentimento* for *soffrimento.*

85. *Foy já num tempo doce cousa amar* 81
(To love in passèd Time was passing sweet).

G

143. *Gentil Senhora, se a Fortuna imiga* 120
(If, Ladye fair! my Fortune, ferest foe).

315. *Gostos falsos de Amor, gostos fingidos* 234
(False Gusts of Love, feigned Gusts for ever feigning).

SONNET PAGE

46. *Graõ tempo ha já que soube da Ventura* 55
(Long Syne now 'tis sin' taught me Aventùre).

171. *Guardando em mi a sorte o seu direyto* 138
(Fortune, preserving rights of sovranty).

In line 13, Prof. Storck reads *Ella* (*i.e.* Fortune) for *Elle* (Thought): the cause being a lover's death.

H

130. *He o gozado bem em agua escrito* 111
(Weal, once enjoyèd, is on water writ).

180. *Horas breves de meu contentamento* 144
(Short hours! whose glad Content my fortune gracèd).

113. *Hum firme coraçaõ posto em ventura*..... 100
(A constant heart by hazard made unsure).

35. *Hum mover de olhos, brando, e piadoso* 48
(A soft and pity-full glancing of those eyes).

A specimen of the "continued Sonnet" (without full stop): cf. No. 138.

128. *Huma admiravel erva se conhece* 110
(In Hind an admirable herb is known).

F. y S. declares the Indian herb not to be a silly sunflower; he had seen a specimen of it in Italy.

I

6. *Ilustre, e digno Ramo dos Meneses* 28
(Illustrious Scion of the tree Meneses!).

256. *Ilustre Gracia, nombre de una moça* 195
(Illustrious Gràcia! name of Spinster known).

In line 6 *devasso* (that does not close) is a Lusitanism. The "magick mitre" is the Inquisition-cap worn at the stake.

SONNET PAGE

231. *Imagens vãas me imprime a Fantasia* 178
(In me vain fancies Fancy would inlay).

The "extravagant" assonance of the tercets is due to the rhyme-words.

279. *Indo o triste Pastor todo embebido* 210
(The tristful Shepherd dolour-drowned would hie).

J

71. *Já e roxa, e branca Aurora destoucava* 72
(Now red and white Aurore had loosed the snood).

178. *Já cantey, ja chorey a dura guerra* 143
(Erst, sang I, erst I wept Love's tyranny).

115. *Já claro vejo bem, já bem conheço* 101
(Now ken I clearly, clearly I believe).

111. *Já do Mondego as aguas aparecem* 98
(Now, of Mondego-stream the waters show).

49. *Já he tempo, já, que minha confiança* 57
('Tis time, time 'tis that this my confidence).

253. *Já me fundey em vãos contentamentos*..... 193
(Erst upon vain Contents I based my mind).

298. *Já naõ fere o Amor com arco forte* 223
(No more with force-full bow fares Love to smite).

274. *Já naõ sinto, Senhora, os desenganos* 207
(No more, Madàme! feel I false hopes and fears).

325. *Já tempo foi, que meus olhos traziam*..... 241
(Time was mine Eyes delighted to unfold).

Here *faziam* as a rhyme-word occurs in both quartettes. Prof. Storck (p. 430) alters the first to *trasiam*, and attempts other changes to make sense.

SONNET PAGE

151. *Julgame a gente toda por perdido* 125
(The world misjudgeth I have lost my lot).

L

356. *La letra que s'el nombre en que me fundo* ... 262
(The leading letter on my building-ground).

164. *Las peñas retumbavan al gemido* 134
(The cliffy mountains echoèd the moan).

78. *Leda serenidade deleytosa* 76
(A glad delicious air serene that shows).

258. *Lembranças de meu bem, doces lembranças* ... 196
(Memories of happiness mine! douce Memories).

176. *Lembranças que lembrays o bem passado* 142
(Memories remembering Good of by-gone date).

52. *Lembranças saudosas, se cuidays* 59
(Sad yearning Memories! an ye still be straining).

In line 9 *paciencia* means the thole-pin to which the oar is strapped: hence there is an inversion for *atado o remo tenho à paciencia.* In the last line *aparar* is to place a mat or cushion so as to break a fall.

335. *Lembranças tristes, para que gastais tento* ... 248
(Ye tristeful Souvenirs! why this vain intent).

In line 1 *tempo* has no rhyme, and Prof. Storck (p. 432) suggests *tento* (intent).

227. *Levantay, minhas Tagides, a frente* 176
(High raise your glorious brows, my Tagidès!).

In line 13 *Palas* (Pallas) is apparently a clerical error for *Marte*, but I have not ventured to change words.

SONNET PAGE

42. *Lindo, e sutil trançado, que ficaste* 52
(Fair-woven Fillet! in whose pledge I find).

213. *Los ojos que con blando movimiento* 166
(Those eyne whose gentle glances sweetly bent).

302. *Los que bivis subjectos a la estrela* 226
(Ye who live subject to the Venus star).

357. *Luiza, son tan rubios tus cabellos* 262
(Louise! thy tresses wear so ruddy hues).

M

233. *Mal, que de tempo em tempo vás crecendo* 180
(Ills! that fro' time to time so crescive grow).

27. *Males, que contra mim vos conjurastes* 42
(Ills! that against my faring well conspire).

337. *Memoria de meu bem cortado em flores*..... 249
(Memories of Joyaunce! nipt in budding flow'r).

334. *Memorias offendidas que hum só dia* 247
(Offended Memories! that no single day).

218. *Mi Gusto e tu Beldad se desposaron* 170
(My Gust thy Beauty made a covert-feme).

In line 9 *duelo* (dolor) appears better than *suelo* (soil), and in line 11 *nido* (nest) is an error for *niño* (child). As Jealousy would have two mothers, Prof. Storck alters one (lines 9, 11, and 12) to father. I understand the Grandsire (line 13) to be Love, and the Sire to be Gust or Fancy, but the whole is enigmatical.

122. *Mil vezes determino naõ vos ver* 106
(I swear a thousand times to unsee your sight).

SONNET PAGE

217. *Mil vezes entre sueños tu figura* 169
(Amid a thousand dreams thy portraiture).

352. *Mil vezes se move meu pensamento* 259
(For times a thousand mine Intent was bent).

I have supplied line 9 in crochets. Prof. Storck proposes

As rosas qu' entre neve semeaes :
(Der Stirne Schnee, die Rosenglut der Wangen).

This would make the formula ccd + cdd.

107. *Moradoras gentis, e delicadas* 96
(Delicate gentle Mays! who wone where flows).

57. *Mudaõse os tempos, mudaõse as vontades*..... 62
(Times change, change mortal loves and volunties).

N

141. *Na desesperaçaõ ja repousava* 118
(In desperation 'gan repose espy).

56. *Nayades, vós que os rios habitays* 62
(Naiads! ye ladyes who in rivers wone).

147. *Na margem de hum ribeyro, que fendia* 122
(On bank of brooklet, cleaving with its tide).

70. *Ne metade do Ceo subido ardia* 71
(Flamed on the midway firmamental hill).

The Commentators quote these onomatopoetics :

Et cuculi cuculant, et rauca cicada fritinnit,
Bombilat ore ferens munera mellis apis.

117. *Naõ ha louvor que arribe á menor parte* 102
(There be no praises reach the minim part).

SONNET PAGE

37. *Naõ passes, Caminhante. Quem me chama?* 49
(Pass me not, Passer-by!—"Who names my name?").

This Sonnet may be addressed to Camoens' fellow-student, D. Gonçalo da Silveira, the Jesuit who was martyred by D. Sebastiam, Emperor of Monomotapa, on the fourth Sunday in Lent, A.D. 1561.

118. *Naõ vás ao Monte, Nisè, com teu gado* 103
(Lead not thy lambkins, Nisè, to yon crest).

282. *Na ribeira do Euphrates assentado* 212
(I sat me lonesome on Euphrates-shore).

Jur. without any reason holds this piece to be autobiographic, written at Basrah (1560?).

250. *Nas Cidades, nos bosques, nas florestas* 191
(In bosque and forest, in the mart and meet).

210. *Nem o tremendo estrepito da guerra* 164
(Not the tremendous clash and clang of fight).

214. *No bastava que Amor puro, y ardiente* 167
(Was't not enough that Love, who purely brent).

100. *No Mundo poucos annos, e cansados* 91
(Few weary Winters in this worldly Pale).

Many Commentators have referred this Sonnet to Camoens himself, as if moderns, like Moses, could describe their own death and burial. As absurdly others, reproved by F. y S., make it allude to Ruy Dias, who was hanged at Goa. Others again refer it to J. Lopes Leitam, who was drowned. Braga, however (Hist. II. 569), found it inscribed to "Pero Moniz, who was drowned in the Sea of Monte Felix, for epitaph" (Storck, p. 387). The realism is from Ovid (Trist. I. 2),

Et non æquoreis piscibus esse cibum.

"Food for fishes" may not be poetical, but it is true.

SONNET PAGE

89. *No Mundo quis o tempo que se achasse* 84
(Time hath so willèd in the World we find).

126. *No regaço da Mãy Amor estava* 108
(Lapt by his Mother little Love was lying).

204. *Nos braços de hum Silvano adormecendo* 160
(Bound to a Sylvan's breast a-slumbering lay).

7. *No tempo que de Amor viver soïa* 29
(When love, love only, was my daily diet).

109. *Novos casos de Amor, novos enganos*..... 97
(New change and chance of Love, new snare and sleight).

The last line is proverbial, *nam ha melhor cirurgiam que o bem acutilado:* so our "he laughs at wcunds," &c., and "the burnt child," &c.

132. *Nunca em Amor damnou o atrevimento* 112
(Love ne'er condemnèd hearts that boldly dare).

294. *N'hum taõ alto lugar, de tanto preço* 220
(Upon so noble height, man's highest prize).

The last line is from Petrarch, I. Canz. XVI.; *Ch' un* being changed to *Un*. It was a favourite with ill-starred Dom Sebastiam.

20. *Num bosque, que das Ninfas se habitava* ... 38
(Deep in a woody, Nymph-inhabited dell).

Alludes to the classical belief that the gods walked the earth at noon, and were crabbed with mortals who crossed their path (1 Kings xvii. 27); Theoc. I. 15; Virgil, Georg. IV. 401; Lucan, Phars. III. 417.

13. *Num jardim adornado de verdura* 33
(Into a garden verdure-deckt and dight).

O

SONNET PAGE

344. *O capitão Romano esclarecido*..... 254
(The Roman Capitayne so famed of yore).

172. *O Ceo, a terra, o vento sossegado* 140
(The Heavens and Earth all husht; no gusts to moan).

224. *O cesse ya, Señor, tu dura mano!* 174
(Lighten at length, Lord Love, that heavy hand!).

216. *O claras aguas deste blando rio* 168
(Clear-welling waters of this stilly rill).

77. *O culto divinal se celebrava* 76
(With holy Worship came they to adore).

See note on Canzon VII.

43. *O Cisne quando sente ser chegada* 53
(The Swan, who feeleth that enfated hour).

The last line is quoted from Boscam, who took it from Petrarch.

339. *O dia, hora em que naci moura e pereça* 250
(Die an eternal Death my natal Day).

320. *O dia, hora ou o ultimo momento*..... 238
(The day, the hour, the moment of that hour).

Prof. Storck (p. 336) has not improved the second quartette by his transpositions.

137. *O filho de Latona esclarecido*..... 116
(Latona's son, by clearest light belit).

In this ode occurs the *Rime riche* "rispeito"; the first meaning respect and the second regard (reference to). F. y S. considers its use a "venial defect," which injures a fine Sonnet. He is probably right in judging that the object of writing it was the *remate* or *concetto* at the conclusion.

SONNET PAGE

39. *O fogo que na branda cera ardia* 50
(The Fire, who burning made soft wax a prey).

351. *O gloriosa Cruz, O victorioso*..... 258
(O glorious Cross! O Cross for aye victorious!).

The second quartette is quite exceptional. I have followed my leader, though possibly the text is corrupted. Some attribute the Sonnet to Francisco Galvam.

243. *Oh! Arma, unicamente só triunfante* 186
(Oh one and only Arm, victorious Vaunt).

48. *Oh! como se me alonga de anno em anno* ... 56
(Ah me! how longsome lengthens year by year).

322. *Oh fortuna cruel! oh dura sorte!* 239
(Ay, cruel Fortune! Ay, dure lot of woe!).

234. *Oh quanto melhor he o supremo dia* 180
(O how far better man's supremest Day).

97. *Oh quam caro me custa o intenderte* 89
(Ah me! how dearly costeth it to trow thee).

221. *Oh rigurosa ausencia desejada* 172
(O rigorous Absence I so longed to see).

Prof. Storck changes *temida* (feared, line 3) to *querida* (loved), and *esperança* (line 6) to *aspereza:* I have followed these, but not the other emendations. The "both" (line 7) refers to Absence and Regrets.

152. *Olhos, aonde o Ceo com luz maes pura* 126
(Eyes! wherein heavenly radiance purest pure).

300. *Olhos formosos em quem quiz natura*..... 224
(Beautiful Eyes! which potent Nature bade).

SONNET PAGE

208. *Ondados fios de ouro, onde enlazado* 163
(Ye rippling golden Threads! whose tangled skein).

84. *Ondados fios de ouro reluzente* 80
(Ye wavy wirelets shining golden sheen).

341. *Ondas que por el mundo caminando* 252
(Waves that encircle all the globe, with flow).

181. *Onde acharey lugar taõ apartado* 145
(Where shall I ever find so far a spot).

202. *Onde mereci eu tal pensamento* 159
(Whence did I merit by such Thought be shent).

110. *Onde porey meus olhos que naõ veja* 98
(Where shall I bend these eyne that be unseen).

99. *O rayo cristalino se estendia* 90
(Dispread its sheeny rays in chrystalline weft).

166. *Orfeo enamorado que tañia*..... 135
(The lover Orpheus struck so sweet a quill).

Prof. Storck, by changing *la* into *le* internecia (line 4), makes Orpheus soften Orcus, not Eurydice. This appears somewhat over-*keck*.

189. *Ornou sublime esforço ao grande Atlante* ... 150
(Bedeckt great Atlas meed of Might sublime).

179. *Os meus alegres, venturosos dias*..... 144
(My tale of happy, fortune-favoured Days).

F. y S. notes that the fourth line contains only four words to express the ephemeral course of life. Line 3 has five pauses in eleven syllables to denote the slow lapse of time, and the whole quartette is highly pathetic.

SONNET PAGE

186. *Os olhos onde o Casto Amor ardia*..... 148
(Those eyne where showed chaste Love his ardent glow).

The rhyme-word *ardia* is repeated (lines 1 and 4): the second being probably for *abria*. Prof. Storck brings a charge of robbery against F. y S.; and shows a general dislike to the pragmatic old egotist.

21. *Os Reinos, e os Imperios poderosos*..... 38
(Royaumes and Empires highest in might and main).

The Laras are the Seven Lords (Infantes de Lara) of Spanish ballads and of the historic Septem Infantium de Lara).

96. *Os vestidos Elisa rebolvia* 88
(Oft-times Elisa the dear weed survey'd).

I have noticed "Elisa" (El-Issa) and "Dido" (David) in my Book of the Sword (p. 181). F. y S. rates his Poet for maligning Dido after Virgil, who is also soundly shrewed at by Saint Augustine. See Justin (Un. Hist. XVIII. cap. 4–6) for the view of the famous widow generally taken by the Spaniards.

296. *O tempo acaba, o anno, o mez, e a hora*..... 222
(Time endeth every time, year, month, and hour).

312. *O tempo está vingado à custa mia*..... 232
(Time is avengèd (costing me so dear).

P

197. *Para se namorar do que criou* 156
(To love the Made, with loving infinite).

A variant of this Sonnet was published by Manoel de Campos, Lisbon, 1538. It begins:—

Oh quanto aprouve, Oh quanto contento
Maria, unica Phenix, Virgem pura, etc.

It was printed in Didot's Paris Edit. of 1815, Vol. V. p. 258.

SONNET PAGE

11. *Passo por meus trabalhos tam isento* 32
(I through my travails pass so fancy-free).

31. *Pede o desejo, Dama, que vos veja* 45
(Desire, my Ladye ! all to see requireth).

93. *Pensamentos, que agora novamente*..... 86
(Fanciful Thoughts ! that now with new intent).

323. *Perder-me assi em vosso esquecimento* 240
(Thus from your Thought to lose me nills consent).

I have translated the last tercet after Prof. Storck's emendations (p. 429).

67. *Poys meus olhos naõ cansaõ de chorar* 69
(Since never tire mine eyes to weep alwày).

191. *Poys torna por seu Rey, e juntamente* 152
(Then for his Roy to rule, and service do).

139. *Por cima destas aguas forte, e firme* 117
(Wi' firm and forceful heart ferforth I'll hie).

162. *Por gloria tuve un tiempo el ser perdido*..... 132
(Whilome I gloried to be ruinèd).

The "lexapren" Sonnet, which makes the end-word of one verse begin the next, derives from Span. *lexar* (to leave) and *prender* (to take). See p. 566, "Obras de Iñigo L. de Mendoza," &c. Madrid, 1852.

44. *Por os raros estremos que mostrou* 54
(For rare extremes displayed in days of yore).

200. *Porque a tamanhas penas se offrece* 158
(Why Self thus offereth to such penalty).

The tercet rhymes are bad ; pequena, ordena, pena ; Aspereza, Fortaleza, fraqueza.

241. *Porque a Terra no Ceo agasalhasse* 185
(That Earth in Heaven mote Asylum find).

SONNET PAGE

291. *Porque me faz, amor, inda acá torto* 218
(Why, Love! here, even here, so work my bane?).

32. *Porque quereys, Senhora, que offereça*..... 46
(Why, Ladye! would you see my life resign'd).

183. *Por sua Ninfa Céfalo deixava* 146
(Cephalus, love-smit by his Nymph withdrew).

297. *Posto me tem Fortuna em tal estado* 222
(Fortune hath placed me in so parlous state).

138. *Presença bella, Angelica figura* 116
(Beautiful presence, form of Angel-grace).

Here Camoens shows his admiration for eyes with green irides, which are, however, envious of the black. For the form see Sonnet 35.

299. *Pues, lagrimas, tratais mis ojos tristes* 224
(Since, Tears! my tristful eyes ye treat so bold).

260. *Pues siempre sin cessar, mis ojos tristes*..... 198
(My lamentable Eyne! when aye ye wone).

Philosophic Smithson analysed a tear and detected "microcosmic salt," muriate of soda, and other saline matters in solution. The "Story of a Tear" was told in 1830 to the Royal Society by Sir Davies Gilbert.

Q

257. *Qual tem a borboleta por costume* 196
(Even as Nature's ure the Night-moth dooms).

"Aonia" is a bad anagram of Joanna.

146. *Quando a suprema dor muito me aperta* 122
(When I (by sùpreme miseries opprest).

SONNET PAGE
276. *Quando cuido no tempo, que contente.* 208
(As I o'ermuse times passèd, when content).

17. *Quando da bella vista, e doce riso* 36
(While of your laughter sweet and lovely eyes).

72. *Quando de minhas magoas a comprida* 72
(When of my yearning grief the long offending).

336. *Quando descançareis, olhos cansados* 248
(When shall ye rest you, Eyne that look for rest !).

347. *Quando do raro esforço que mostravas* 256
(When thy rare Valiancy in battle shown).

Prof. Storck (p. 434) refers this Sonnet to King Sebastiam, who, however, was *not* killed by a bullet (line 10).

34. *Quando o Sol encuberto vay mostrando*..... 47
(As Sol with veilèd brow his beams abasing).

178. *Quando os olhos emprégo no passado* 142
(When I employ mine eyes on times gone by).

277. *Quando, Senhora, quiz amor qu' amasse* 209
(When Love, my Ladye ! willèd that I love).

145. *Quando se vir com agoa o fogo arder* 121
(When man sees water burn with blazing lowe).

54. *Quando vejo que meu destino ordena* 60
(Whenas I see my Destiny ordain).

232. *Quanta incerta esperança, quanto engano !*... 179
(How much of doubtful Hope, how sly a snare !).

SONNET PAGE

326. *Quão bem aventurado me achàra* 242
(With what high blessing me had Fortune blest).

348. *Quam cedo te roubou a morte dura* 256
(How soon hath stole thy life Death sore and dure).

295. *Quantas penas, amor, quantos cuidados*..... 221
(How many miseries, Love! what banes inbred).

41. *Quantas vezes do fuso se esquecia* 52
(Oft as forgot her spindle woe-forlore).

175. *Quanto tempo, olhos meus, com tal lamento*... 141
(How long, nine Eyes! how long with such lament).

F. y S. (III. 285) says: "I readily confess to not understanding what the Poet means in the *remate* (conclusion) which appears so plain." The sense evidently is, "Do not redden her eyes by the sight of your tears; or you will make her doubt your grief, and charge you with hard-heartedness."

226. *Quanto tiempo ha que lloro un dia triste* 175
(How long one tristful day shall I bewail).

In line 11 F. y S., followed by all popular Edits., has *olvidar-te*, a mistake for *olvidar-me*.

112. *Que doudo pensamento he o que sigo?*..... 99
(What be this madding Thought I nill forego?).

154. *Que esperays, Esperança? Desespero*..... 127
(Hope! what of hoping own you?—"I despair."

242. *Que estila a Arvore sacra? Hum licor santo* 186
(What drips the Holy Tree?—"A Saintly tear."

SONNET PAGE

310. *Que fiz Amor, que tu taõ mal me tratas*..... 231
(What did I, Love, thou shouldst me so maltreat?).

353. *Queimado sejas tu e teus enganos* 260
(Burn thou and burn wi' thee thy snaring Bane).

83. *Que levas, cruel Morte? Hum claro dia*..... 80
(What takest thou, cruel Death?—"A day all splendid."

This Dona Maria may have been the learned daughter of Dom Manoel (ob. æt. 57, A.D. 1577–78?); or the wife of Philip of Spain (ob. æt. 18, 1545); or the daughter of Luiz Alvares de Tavora, maid of honour to Queen Catherine. If D. Maria be the Infanta, this is one of the last Sonnets.

220. *Que me quereys perpétuas saudades?* 171
(Of me what seek you, Thoughts that alway yearn?).

144. *Que modo taõ sutil da Natureza* 120
(What novel show of Nature's subtleties).

The Nun's Profession is historical. Bishop D. Antonio Pinheiro (Sonn. 120) preached, and the Court was present, probably including Camoens. In the last line *juro* means literally a fief sold by the Crown.

275. *Que póde já fazer minha Ventura*..... 208
(What now can Fortune to my lot secure).

92. *Que poderey do Mundo já querer* 86
(What expectations from the World have I?).

64. *Que vençays no Oriente tantos Reys*..... 67
(Than having conquered many an Eastern Roy).

The Viceroy's reply, in a Sonnet beginning

A qual perigo o rosto sem escudo,

is quoted by Jur., I. 205.

SONNET PAGE

313. *Quem busca no amor contentamento* 233
(Whoso Contentment seeks in Love to find).

205. *Quem diz que amor he falso, ou enganoso* ... 161
(Who calls Love felon, lief of tricks and lies).

76. *Quem fosse accompanhando juntamente* 75
(Ah! could I only fare accompanied).

59. *Quem jaz no graõ Sepulchro, que descreve*.... 64
(Who lies i' the lordly Tomb that doth indite).

This Sonnet was recited over the King's tomb when his remains were transferred to Belem (A.D. 1572). In the Edit. Princ. and in MS. of Luis Franco it was addressed to D. Joam II. Verse 8 is the formula S. T. T. L. I have translated the last line after Shakespeare's,

Second to none, unseconded by you
(Henry IV., II. 3).

60. *Quem pôde livre ser, gentil Senhora* 64
(Who mote enjoy his freedom, Ladye fair!).

301. *Quem presumir, Senhora, de louvar-vos*..... 225
(Whoso presumeth, Ladye mine! to praise you).

105. *Quem pudêra julgar de vós, Senhora*..... 94
(Whose judgment, Ladye! could of you discoure).

212. *Quem quiser ver de Amor huma excellencia* 166
(Whoso would see of Love an excellence).

Unfinished; two lines end in *ventura*, and lines 11 and 14 rhyme with 2, 3, 6, and 7: I have not imitated the Chinese cobbler. In v. 41 the "place" alluded to is "her eyes."

106. *Quem, Senhora, presume de louvarvos* 95
(Whoso, my Ladye! shall presume to praise you).

SONNET PAGE

87. *Quem ve, Senhora, claro, e manifesto*..... 35
(Who seeth, Ladye! clear and manifest).

In line 8 *resto* is a term at cards when the whole hand is thrown out.

286. *Quem vos levou de mim, saudoso estado* 215
(Who fro' me robbèd you, O wistful State!).

The rhyme-word *negastes* is unduly repeated; the first (line 3) should be *deixastes*. I have translated according to the old Editions.

R

163. *Rebuelvo en la incessable fantasia* 133
(I turn and turn in ceaseless Phantasy).

S

319. *Saudades me atormentão taõ cruelmente*..... 237
(Repining pains me with so fierce intent).

268. *Se a Fortuna inquieta, e mal olhada* 203
(If aye-unquiet Fortune evil-eyed).

156. *Se algum' hora essa vista maes suave*..... 128
(If your douce Vision at some hour you deign).

324. *Se alguma hora em vós a piedade*..... 240
(If haply rue you, in some happy hour).

314. *Se a ninguem tratais com desamor* 234
(An with Unlove you deign no man to treat).

311. *Se ao que te quero desses tanta fé* 232
(If in "I love thee" thou as much confide).

58. *Se as penas com que Amor taõ mal me trata* 63
(If pains whereby Love wreaks me such despight).

SONNET PAGE

124. *Se com desprezos, Ninfa, te parece* 107
(An thy despisal, Nymph! thou haply trow).

155. *Se como em tudo o maes fostes perfeyta* 128
(If, as in all things else you be perfected).

103. *Se da célebre Laura a fermosura* 93
(An far-famed Laura, beauty's cynosure).

98. *Se despoys de esperança taõ perdida* 90
(An after losing Hope so long-lamented).

293. *Se de vosso formoso, e lindo gesto* 220
(If from your fairy form and graceful geste).

So Wordsworth :—

The trembling eye-bright showed her sapphire blue.

I have thus translated *bonina*, a daisy or (often) a flower in general.

255. *Se em mim (ó Alma!) vive maes lembrança* 194
(If in me other memory live, O Sprite!).

185. *Seguia aquelle fogo que o guiava* 148
(Followed the beckoning of the beacon-fire).

270. *Se grande gloria me vem só de olhar-te* 204
(If be my greatest glory but to view thee).

252. *Se lagrimas choradas de verdade* 192
(If tears in torrents and in truth beshed).

148. *Se me vem tanta gloria sô de olharte* 123
(If I so triumph but because I view thee).

149. *Sempre a Razaõ vencida foy de Amor* 124
(By Amor routed Reason aye hath been).

266. *Sempre, cruel Senhora, receei* 202
(Ever, my cruel Faire! with fear I strave).

285. *Senhora já desta alma, perdoai* 214
(Ladye, my Spirit's now liege lord! condone).

SONNET PAGE

134. *Senhor Joaõ Lopez, o meu baxo estado* 114
(Sir John Lopèz! yestreen my low estate).

358. *Se, Senhora Lurina, algum começo*..... 263
(If any fain begin, my Dame Lurine).

304. *Senhora minha, se de pura inveja* 227
(My Dame! if Love of purest jealousy).

125. *Senhora minha, se eu de vós ausente* 108
(Senhora mine! driven self fro' you to absent).

354. *Senhora, quem a tanto se atreve*..... 260
(Dame, whoso dareth hie to such a height).

264. *Se no que tenho dito vos offendo* 200
(If aught I haply said your heart offend).

321. *Se para mim tivera, que algum dia* 238
(Could I for self expect that some one day).

82. *Se pena por amarvos se merece*..... 79
(If Pain the loving-price of you must pay).

25. *Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança* 41
(If, when I lost you, you mine Esperance).

In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem (Boethius, a favourite with Camoens).

184. *Sentindose alcançada a bella Esposa* 147
(Feeling herself entrapt the lovely Spouse).

47. *Se sómente hora alguma em vós piedade*..... 56
(If I some hour some ruth in you could see).

33. *Se tanta pena tenho merecida* 46
(If I have merited such pain-full plight).

29. *Sete annos de pastor Jacob servia* 44
(Seven years a Shepherd, Jacob did obey).

There are two Latin versions of this Sonn. (interpretationes Tetradecastichi) in the Horæ Sub-

SONNET PAGE

scessivæ of the well-known Latinist, Alexo Collotes de Jantillet (Joam da Costa, Lisbon, 1679). One in iambics and Sonnet-form begins,

Deserviebat annos per septem Jacob.

The other is in hexameters and pentameters (also a "tetradecastich"),

Septem annos Pastor curabat ovile Labani,
Cujus erat Rachel filia pulchra, Jacob, &c.

Yet F. y S. does not admire the original.

94. *Se tomo a minha pena em penitencia* 87
(If by my paining I do penitence).

327. *Si el triste coraçon que siempre llora* 242
(If the triste heart that Weeping e'er must dree).

219. *Si el fuego que me inciende, consumido* 170
(An the fierce flames that fire me could be laid).

238. *Sobre os rios do Reyno escuro, quando* 183
(When, on the Rivers where the black Reign lies).

342. *Sobre un olmo que al cielo parecia* 252
(Percht on sky-climbing Elm, that showèd nude).

272. *Sospechas, qué en mi triste phantasia* 206
(Doubts that my dolorous phantasies affright !).

73. *Sospiros inflamados que cantays* 73
(Hot Sighs and Singulfs ! that have voice to sing).

273. *Sustenta meu viver huma esperança* 206
(Only one single Hope my life sustaineth).

In the original lines 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 11, and 13 all end in *ado*, against every rule. The piece is, doubtless, unfinished.

T

SONNET PAGE

140. *Tal mostra de si dá vossa figura* 118
(So doth your semblance show to 'raptured viewer).

9. *Tanto de meu estado me acho incerto* 30
(I find so many doubts my State enfold).

This heap of antitheses is the Provençal *Devinalh.*

157. *Tanto se foraõ, Ninfa, costumando* 129
(So farèd, Nymph! self-customing these Eyne).

This is the only Sonnet with a Cauda, and this *estribilho* may be a modern addition, as it does not appear in the issue of 1668, which first printed the poemet. Query—Should it not be omitted?

261. *Tem feito os olhos neste apartamento* 198
(Have shed these eyelids, in this banishment).

303. *Todas as almas tristes se mostravão* 226
(Showed all men's spirits, by their woe downweigh'd).

14. *Todo animal da calma repousava* 34
(All animals rested in the Noontide still).

One MS. entitles this Sonn. "de Ilario e Camila." The former occurs in the "Rejected Stanzas" (my Trans., II. 430), and Camoens may have assumed the name, as he afterwards called himself Leonardo (The Lus. IX. 75); herein imitating Homer's Demodocus and Virgil's Iopas.

45. *Tomava Daliana por vingança* 54
(Willèd Daliana wed, to avenge the slight).

36. *Tomou me vossa vista soberana* 48
(Conquered and captured me your sovran Sight).

SONNET PAGE

120. *Tornay essa brancura á alva açuçena* 104
(Give back this blanchness to the Lily's skin).

The Spanish origin is suggested by *açuçena* for *cæcem* (a lily, in Heb.; and Arab. Susan); and by Sirena for Sereia or Serêa, Siren.

10. *Transforma se o amador na cousa amada* ... 31
(Becomes the Lover to the Loved trans-mewèd).

340. *Transumpto sou, Senhora, neste engano*..... 251
(I am translated, Ladye! by your snare).

359. *Tristezas! Com passar tristes gemidos* 264
(Tristesse! wi' tristest moans and groans I wone).

350. *Tu, que descanso buscas com cuidado* 258
(Thou who with restless Hope to rest thee tried).

V

329. *Ventana venturosa, do amanece*..... 244
(Thou winsome Window! whence the Morns dispread).

Prof. Storck changes *rama* (bough) in line 7 to *cama*, bed or flower-bed.

159. *Vencido esta de Amor* *Meu pensamento* 130
(Yielding to Love I see High Thoughts low li'en).

The Portuguese acrostic is Voso como cativo, Mui alta Senhora!

236. *Verdade, Amor, Razão, Merecimento*..... 182
(Verity, Amor, Reason, Meritment).

Compare Sir Philip Sidney's

Virtue, beauty and speech: did strike, wound, charm.

SONNET PAGE

251. *Vi queixosos de Amor mil namorados* 192
(I saw a thousand lovers Love betwyte).

228. *Vós, Ninfas da Gangetica espessura* 176
(You Nymphs who grace Gangetic coverture !).

196. *Vós outros, que buscays repouso certo* 155
(Ye other Wanderers seeking certain rest).

91. *Vós, que de olhos suaves e serenos* 85
(You that with suavest orbs of ray serene).

101. *Vos, que escuitays em Rimas derramado* 92
(All ye who listen, while my Rhymes proclaim).

Camoens supplies the verb in the first huitaine, which Petrarch unaccountably omitted. The second tercet is, perhaps, better in the Portuguese. The "by-word" (fabula of Horace) is also found in Hafiz,

Nihán kay mánad án rází ky'azo sázand mahfilhá?

65. *Vossos olhos, Senhora, que competem.* 68
(Your eyes, my Ladye ! that with Sol compete).

245. *Vós só podeys, Sagrado Evangelista* 188
(You only, consecrate Evangelist !).

The last line alludes to the "pious tradition" of the Evangelist's Assumption.

SECTION II.—CANZONS: INITIAL LINES AND NOTES.

CANZON PAGE

2. *A instabilidade da Fortuna* 273
(Of Fortune's stable Instability).

Possibly written in 1548 before leaving Lisbon. The Poet, comparing himself (after Sannazaro) with noted classical sinners, like Tantalus, &c., seems to confess some "villeiny": whose *corpus delicti* may be found in Sonn. XXXI. and in Ecl. III., Belisa's speech. The Stanza-scheme is that of Petrarch and Bembo, and it resembles Canz. XI., having, however, only one line (*quebrado*) to vary the tone. The rhyme is rich, abc + bac + cddeedfeff. In St. I. line 14, Jur. and the popular Edits. have *desengano* for *desconcerto.*

17. *A vida ja passei assaz contente* 340
(Hereto I lived my life enow contented).

This must have been written after April 18, 1553, the date of D. Antonio's fall at Ceuta. Comp. Ecl. I. The style is changed; here Dona Margarida de Silva, the cause of the youth's banishment, speaks as a shepherdess. The antistrophe is formed c (xx)ddeeff, and the rhymed couplets (longs and shorts) are made to suit the sadness of the subject. But this would hardly strike an English ear.

20. *Bem aventurado aquelle, que ausente* 354
(Happy the mortal who retirèd lives).

Evidently founded upon Horace's Epode II., "Beatus ille," &c., like parts of the Comedieta de Ponza by the famous Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana "Benditos aquelles," &c. In Canzon XVI. the Poet dwelt upon country quiet, and here he opposes to it the trouble and turmoil of wayfare and warfare: thus enlarging upon Lucretius's Suave mari magno, II. line 1, &c.

CANZON PAGE

He also notices the falsehood of friends who bred bad blood (*o mexericaram*) between him and Governor F. Barreto. The Canzon has been imitated by Fernam Alvares do Oriente (Ode in p. 241 of Edit. of 1607). For the Stanza-form of these ten "Rimas Provençales" see note on No. XVI. After many trials I find that a mixture of iambs with trochees sounds better in English; the contrast of trochaic "shorts" and iambic "longs" being somewhat too emphatic.

6. *Com força desusada* 288
(With furious force seld-shown).

Comp. Sonn. 210 and Lus. VIII. 66. The contents suggest that it was written from Goa (Envoi), and during the tropical winter (St. 1, lines 5 sq.) after years of exile. This would fix it in 1558–59, and consequently it should follow No. X. and precede No. XI. Prof. Storck (p. 100 loc. cit.) would place the scene at Ternate (Lus. X. 132), where the Portuguese in 1522 had built the Fort Sam Joam: he explains the "Maritime River" by the Banda Strait, and the several fruits on one stem by the nutmeg-tree. It appears to me that Goa Island satisfies every requirement. In St. 3, line 10, *onzena* means usury, *i.e.*, lending ten and taking eleven.

19. *Crecendo vai meu mal d'ora em ora* 348
(Increase mine evils, crescive hour by hour).

The normal exhortation to the pretty young not to waste precious time; and this is done at a considerable length. In Jur., St. 2, line 5, *dileitando* (for *contento*) is an error, not rhyming with *tormento*.

1. *Fermosa, e gentil Dama, quando vejo* 269
(Beauteous and gentle Dame! whenso I see).

This, like No. IV., probably refers to the Poet's early days at Coimbra (A.D. 1545?) when his first love was prospering, and when he revels in

CANZON PAGE

descriptions of his lover's loveliness. The Stanza-scheme is Petrarch's, I. Canz. XX., with minor differences. In St. 3 we have Shakespeare's couplet:—

All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood; none of the mind, &c.

But Camoens is more pathetic. In line 53 the conjunction is abnormally placed.

3. *Já a roxa manham clara* 278
(Now Morn the rosiest-bright).

Aurora is his beloved (which of the many we cannot determine), and her disappearance robs him of strength (Ovid. Met. VII. 47 sq.). F. y S. should have written Manham (with a capital because personified). The stanza is Petrarch's, I. Canz. XVIII., but somewhat simplified (Storck, p. 90).

10. *Junto de hum seco, duro, esteril monte* 304
(Hard by a sunparcht, dure, esterile Mount).

The most important and most admired of the auto-biographicals, written probably in Nov.–Dec., 1555, after the futile expedition to the Red Sea ("Life" I. p. 18). The first three Stanzas give an excellent description of Cape Guardafui ("I was the Guard," a corruption of Jard Hafun), and Commentators have done their worst for it. F. and M. (Hamburg Edit. II. 45) place Mount Felix in Arabia Felix. Prof. Storck (p. 109) has "Ras Asser = Monte Felix = begluckter Berg"; but 'Asr would be "hardship" opposed to Yusr: moreover he writes a page to prove that the Portuguese name is translated from the Arabic, and he would change a line (St. 1, 7) to suit his purpose. In my "Lake Regions of Central Africa" (Vol. II. 384) readers will find a vignette of Strabo's Akroterion Elephas, now Ras el-Fil, the Elephant's Head, which became Mount Felix. We must not explain Jard Hafun by "Steppe der Mundung" (al-fum), nor believe of Somali-land that all the birds are migratory. The strophe-form is that of the "twin-sonnets," Nos. VII. and VIII., changing,

CANZON PAGE

however, cddeffegg of the Abgesang into cdeffedgg. In the Envoi, *Mouro: Mouro* ("I die because I die") is an emphatic reiteration.

7. *Mandame Amor que cante docemente* 293
(Love bids I sing in song of sweetest strain).

Imitated from Bembo's Perche 'l piacer aragionar m' invoglia (printed in his Rime, Venice, 1567): F. y S. finds the Portuguese superior. Here the Coimbra love is forgotten in the new transports for Natercia (Sonn. LVII.). The date of the first meeting was (Sol entering Taurus) April 20–22 (O.S. = 10–12 N.S., the Gregorian reform dating from 5/15 Oct., 1582); yet the Good Friday of 1547 fell on April 8 (N.S.). The place was the Church Das Chagas. Good Friday and the Church seem to have been a favourite time and place, witness the noble Troubadour Ausias (Augustine) March, unless we suppose both he and Camoens borrowed the idea from Petrarch and his Monday of Passion Week, April 6, 1327. Camoens has treated the subject in two other Canzons.

18. *Mandame Amor que cante docemente* 344
(Love sends me order sweetest song to chaunt).

Jur. (II. 526) found this Variant of No. VII. in his MS.

8. *Mandame Amor que cante o que a Alma sente* 297
(Love bids I sing my Spirit's sense and sent).

A twin sister of No. VII. F. y S. considers this the first sketch, and opinions differ as to the relative excellence of the compositions.

12. *Nem roxa flor de Abril* 319
(Red Rose in April-reign).

Apparently written in hottest youth before 1548. The usual exaggerated praise of the beloved, but not directly addressed to her: Prof. Storck

CANZON PAGE

(p. 139) would therefore change *vossos olhos* (line 33) into *verdes olhos* ("green eyes") to agree with the following Stanza. Green eyes are praised in Sonnet CXXXVIII. (see note); in Elegy VI. 16; in Eclog. VI. 29; and in Voltas XXXIII., L., LV., LXX., LXXV., and LXXX. Jupiter is "irate" (line 28) because he holds the thunderbolt. The Stanza-form is not in Petrarch nor in Bembo; the scheme of the pedes and syrma being abac + cbbdd. The Envoi which gives the names of the planets in due order is irregular, unconnected by rhyme with the terminal lines of the preceding strophe.

13. *O pomar venturoso!* 322
(Fair Vergier apple'd bright).

Camoens is supposed to have lived during his first exile to Santarem or Punhete ("Life," I. 14) in a friend's country-house, which he here celebrates: the date of writing would then be between 1548 and 1550. Prof. Storck (in loco) refers it to 1572, after return from India, and sees a Benedictine house, whose Abbot was D. Henrique, afterwards the "Cardinal-King." Jur. supposes a visit to the Dominican Convent of Pedrogam. Meanwhile the topology appears to be *in nubibus*. In St. 2 the "enigmas with animate myrtles" are labyrinths and trees trimmed into human forms. Most Editions print St. 5 as imperfect: Prof. Storck (pp. 143-44) works it into shape, chiefly by correcting "mysteries" (line 62) and by referring it in the singular to the B. Sacrament and Transubstantiation. The Stanza-form is that of No. IV. and the Envoi excellent though out of all rule.

16. *Por meyo de humas serras muy fragosas* 334
(Mid serrièd Mounts, a broken, cliff-lipped height).

According to F. y S. (No. XV.) this is an imitation of Polo's[1] *Rimas Provenzales*, to which he ac-

[1] Polo (Gaspar Gil), a Professor of Greek at Valencia, wrote, circ. 1564, a continuation to the celebrated "Diana"

CANZON PAGE

cords high praise. Apparently written in youth (1548?) to accompany a wreath of flowers. Commentators ignore Buyna stream, but Jur. (II. 526) finds a farm of that name near Villa Nova de Portimam in Algarve. Line 53 refers to the Mel aerium of Virgil (Georg. IV. 1), and the old fancy that honey falls from the sky and is only collected by bees. Of "Calidonio" (St. 7) F. y S. informs us that there is "a wood of that name in Britain haunted by lions."

21. *Porque vossa belleza a si se vença*..... 358
(For-that your loveliness self-conquest see).

A mere fragment of a very pretty song, first printed by Jur. and lacking Envoi. The subject is repeated in the Redondilhas, and the treatment is peculiar: three heroic (rhyming) couplets in succession are rare with Camoens.

15. *Que he isto? Sonho? Ou vejo a Ninfa pura* 331
(What? Do I dream? Or see that Nymph all-pure).

Prof. Storck compares Petrarch, Sonn. I. 12. This Canzon is apparently written about 1548, after the great separation, to judge from the Poet's envy, of Endymion and eternal sleep. The stanza-form, improved in Petrarch and Bembo, (abb + aac + dceedff) hardly suits the distribution of the subject 3: 3: 7; and the Envoi, like the last lines of the preceding strophes, ends in a couplet.

14. *Quem com solido intento* 362
(Whoso with stable mind).

According to F. y S. (sub loc.) an unfinished imitation of Luigi Groto (Lyras),[1] nor does he

---

of Montemayor, and married off the shepherdess to her old love, Sireno (Bouterwek., Eng. Tr., book II. p. 182). The scheme of the "Provençal Rhymes," stanzas of five longs, five trochaic shorts, and a terminal couplet, became a favourite in Spain.

[1] Groto (Luigi) popularly known as the Cieco (blind)

CANZON PAGE

greatly admire it. Prof. Storck (p. 147) finds the idea in Petrarch (I. Sonn. 11) on the privilege of lovers, and he successfully alters *mais ausente* (St. 6, line 4) to *se sustente*. But I cannot accept his change of *cego* into *cego he* (line 70): "Blind," for "he is blind," belongs essentially to Camoens' style. Chimæra and Sphinx (line 80) have taken the well-known place of Scylla and Charybdis.

5. *Se este meu pensamento* 284
(Could this my fond Intent).

Imitated from Pedro Bembo (Gli Asol. II.) "Se 'l pensier," &c.; the subject, as usual, being the beauty and hardness of his beloved. The bird turned to swan is David's Passer solitarius in tecto; and the torments are those alluded to in Canz. X. 7; Ecl. I. 22, Ecl. III. 2 and 14, and Ecl. VI. 7. In St. 3 11, *Senaõ* (a "Would-'twere-not"!), lit. "if not," means a defect, a fault. According to Storck (p. 96), the Strophe-scheme is that of Bembo, developed from Petrarch (I. 10) with enrichments, and he gives the formula of the Abgesang,

Petrarch, c d e e d f f;
Bembo, c d c e (x x) d f f; and
Camoens, c d e e d (d c) f f.

Jur. contributes three full pages of variæ lectiones (II. 509–513).

9. *Tomey a triste pena* 301
(I took sad pains).

A Canzon in Epistolary form. He confesses "villeiny" (St. 1), which gave rise to troubles and *desengano* (St. 4), disillusion, *i.e.* rupture,

---

d'Adria, the leader of Italian dramatists (A.D. 1541–85), was President of the Academy "Gli Illustrati" of Venice, and his name is not forgotten. He wrote, amongst other things, Petrarchian Sonnets and parodies of the Psalms in various dialects, even in that of Schiavonia, the language of the Istrian, Croatian, and Dalmatian Coasts south of the Arsa (Grässe, Vol. III. pp. 413, 416, 419, 693, and 707).

CANZON PAGE

refusal. The "two doughty kempès" (soldiers, St. 6) are the beloved's eyes. The Envoi is irregular; according to rule, its first line should be long.

4. *Vaõ as serenas agoas* 281
(The gentle waters flow).

An imitation of Boscan and Garcilasso (Canz. III.). F. y S. blames this Canzon for having too few stanzas and too long an Envoi. Internal evidence shows that it was written in Coimbra (1538–42 ?), and the Remate alludes to the Fonte-dos-Amores, the metamorphosis celebrated in The Lusiads (III. 135). This Canzon has been inadequately translated by C. (Cockle, Mrs.) in Adam. I. 59–63. The Stanza-scheme is that of Petrarch, I. Canz. X. (26), already noticed.

11. *Vinde cá meu taõ certo Secretario*..... 309
(Come here! my confidential Secretary).

"The greatest of its kind in the archives of Parnassus," says F. y S.: the "Sudarium of the Poet's sorrows," adds Jur. Opinions differ upon the date of composition; apparently it comes after The Lusiads in 1573–74. Comp. Elegies II. and III. Prof. Storck (pp. 113, 136) unhappily determines from St. III., line 1, which he understands in his own way, that Camoens' mother died when giving him birth. The sentiment is evidently a generalism, the "maternal sepulture" being man's first tomb, and the idea is highly poetical. St. 9 opens with an allusion to Ulysses, and the Envoi refers to St. Augustine and the little-boy Angel met by him upon the sea-shore. The Stanza-scheme is borrowed from Petrarch, I. Canz. I.: there are two *pedes* (stollen) to the Aufgesang, abc + bac, and 14 to the *cauda* (Abgesang) cdecdfghhgffii. Prof. Storck justly remarks (p. 136, "Sämmtliche Canzonen des Camoens," Paderborn. Schöningh, 1874) that the rhymes f + ff would not strike every ear.

SECTION III.—ODES: INITIAL LINES AND NOTES.

ODE PAGE

10. *Aquelle Moço fere* 396
(That Youth so fierce and fere).

Imitating Horace, Ne sit ancillæ, &c. (Odes, II. IV.), and possibly in reply to friends who taunted him with his *negregados amores* (negroised loves: "Life," I. p. 49). The argument is, if Achilles (who, however, loved a white slave), Solomon, and Aristotle could so act, I may be pardoned. F. y S. quotes the inevitable nigra sum, &c., and a verse of B. Tasso: Che bruna è si, ma il bruno il bel non toglie. Prof. Storck (p. 355) (Buch der Elegieen, Sestinen, Oden und Octaven: Paderborn. Schöningh, 1881) refers to the Barbara of the Redondilhas. The Strophe-scheme is that of Bernardo Tasso (Salmi, Hinni et Ode), who seems to have invented what became a favourite form.

8. *Aquelle unico Exemplo* 389
(That sole and single sample).

Dr. d' Orta is interesting to Anglo-Indians: he was owner of the ground where Bombay now stands, and he printed the first book, "Dialogues on Simples and Drugs," &c., issued from the press in India (Impresso em Gôa per Johanes de Endem, a x de Abril de 1563 annos). An Italian translation appeared Venice 1597. In St. 7 Orta is used = horta, a garden. In St. 10 the "great volume" must be mentally meant: it was a small 4° of 230 leaves.

7. *A quem darão de Pindo as Moradoras* 386
(For whom shall weave the Mays on Pindus woning).

The Ode is imitated from Horace (I. XII.); Dom Manoel had protected the Poet, and F. de Sá de

ODE PAGE

Miranda had inscribed to him an Eclogue (No. IV.). He had been appointed by D. Sebastiam Ambassador to Spain, and he was absent from Lisbon when Camoens died. His brother, D. Afonso, opposed the Spanish annexation with all his might. F. y S. and Adam. (II. 107) leave it doubtful if the Ode was written in 1552 or in 1573: Prof. Storck (p. 346) justly determines the date to have been after the publication of The Lusiads (early July, 1572), and thinks with Jur. (I. 501) that these proud verses may have accompanied a presentation copy (St. 5 line 1). St. 6 alludes to the connection of the Portugal House with that of Braganza, which descends from the Kings of Leon. St. 7, according to F. y S. (Odes, p. 166), refers to an "Emblema," No. 19, of Alciatus:—

Dextra tenet lapidem, manus altera sustinet alas, &c.

Gratianus Augustus (St. 8) was the patron of Ausonius. The Stanza-scheme is not admired: even F. y S. blames the rhymeless line beginning each section, and the double couplets have an unpleasant effect.

1. *Detêm hum pouco, Musa, o largo pranto* ... 363
(Awhile the large complaining, Muse! withhold).

F. y S. says of this Ode: "Finally it is admirable for its lofty diction, but the subject is not easily understood." Jur. declares it shows great superiority over Ode III. of Bernardo Tasso (Vinegia, Ferrari, 1560), of which it is a translation. Prof. Storck (pp. 331–33) quotes the full Italian original, which most readers will prefer: Camoens utterly spoils St. 2. F. y S. believes it was written at Cintra, the "Mountain of the Sun and Moon," in praise of Natercia; but St. 9 strongly suggests Ceuta and a date between 1546 and 1556. I can see little to admire in this confusion of Caterina-Diana and Luis-Endymion, Cintra and Atlas; the Mediterranean, the Tagus-mouth; Ilion, Arabia Felix, &c., &c. The four first Stanzas are strings of exclamations. In St. 4 Upilio or

ODE PAGE

Pylio (for Pilio) appears to be an audacious corruption of Pelion, and distorted to a rhyme. *Puridade* (St. 6) means an intimate secret.

4. *Fermosa fera humana* 376
(Fair Human unhumàne).

Evidently a classical study. Comp. Horace, Odes, I. 25; II. 10, &c. F. y S. holds it addressed to a *moça de plazer*, who would not have understood a line; and Jur. naïvely remarks that it is *not* inscribed to the Maid of Honour. Flora pining for Pompey is from Plutarch (Pomp. II.): Venus, Phæon, and the lettuce-bed are from Ælian, Var. Hist., XII. 18, and Athen. II. 69. Love, the divine bird (St. 2) is Ovid's (Her. XV. 179),

Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti, &c.

The Strophe-form is B. Tasso's Ode, A Madama Margherita (p. 90), with a shift of "longs" and "shorts."

9. *Fogem as neves frias* 392
(Frore snow-wreaths fade away).

A study from Horace (Odes, IV. VII.): any classical dictionary will explain all the allusions; and the moral seems to be that we must all die. Connu!

13. *Fôra conveniente* 409
(It would convene I were).

This Ode is hardly intelligible, especially Stanzas 4 and 5. Jur. and Braga (whom I have followed) divide it into five Stanzas of ten lines and a half-stanza, giving an unfinished appearance. The learned Prof. Storck (pp. 207–9) distributes it into eleven strophes of five, like Ode III., &c.; and he would make sense of No. 4 (his 8) by a few slight changes, for instance, *a vós* (line 1) for *aquella* and *que* (line 4) for *ou*. He understands by "first Aurore" the Viceroy of India (to whom he supposes this Ode is addressed), and by "Sol" the King of Portugal. I confess that both Portuguese and German sounded to me equally unsatisfactory: Prof. Storck, however,

ODE PAGE

kindly explained to me his interpretation as follows:—"Vor Euch (scil. wollt' ich mich kühn erdreisten und dies Geschenk von meiner Muse zeigen: vgl. v. 16), der ersten Aurora (= Vicekönig), welche kam (oder, kommt) hinter dem Sol (= König) nur einen Augenblick (d. h. als Vicekönig an Rang und Würde dem Könige zunächst steht) und welche (scil. Aurora) auf eine Stunde vergisst, dass das (= dies) Vergessen ihr benehmen (oder, schmälern) könne ihr beständiges Wachsthum."

12. *Já a calma nos deyxou* 405
(Now Summer-suns have left us).

This Ode is the last of the popular Editions, and as far as St. 8 corresponds with No. 9 Apparently written before the Indian voyage. In St. 3 "Titanica" (Diana-Hecate, Ovid, Met. III. 173) is more usually "Titania." St. 5 means when Clytie's lover (the Sun) enters Aquarius (Ganymede), *i.e.* Jan. 10–11.

11. *Naquelle tempo brando* 401
(In the soft Prime that shows).

Another classical study: Ovid, Met. XII. 217 sq.

5. *Nunca manhãa suave*..... 380
(No Morn so clear, so bright).

Written, according to Jur. (II. 538), either in the Ribatejo or at Ceuta. The Strophe-form is that of No. IV., with the addition of a fifth line of "longs."

6. *Póde hum desejo immenso* 382
(A Love-desire immense).

In an old MS. this Ode is addressed to D. Francisca de Aragam (the beloved of D. Manoel de Portugal), who in 1556 was married to D. Joam de Borja. F. y S. says: "It is the most beautiful poem of the kind I have yet found; I hold it will never be excelled, and I doubt that it will ever be equalled." Commentators chiefly busy themselves with the date, which has difficulties.

ODE PAGE

St. 12 seems to show that The Lusiads are still to be written; yet that Spain (Bætis) and Italy (Tiber) have heard of the Poet. Consequently, F. y S. holds that the Ode was produced during Camoens' last years; Jur. (II. 540) before 1556 in India; and Prof. Storck (p. 344) between the return from Ceuta (1549–50) and imprisonment in Lisbon (1552). The latter complains that the three divisions of the Strophe are not observed, and that masculine, feminine, and *esdrucciolo*-rhymes are arbitrarily mixed. I have already noted (Appendix I. § 2) the inner or "Crypto-rhyme."

3. *Se de meu pensamento* 371
(If an my Thought could show).

This Ode was written when love-affairs were going on badly. Prof. Storck (p. 338) understands by "My Hierarchy" (St. 3) all the Palace dames and damsels: others refer it to the Seraphs; and F. y S. to Natercia. In St. 12 the allusion to Proserpine seems to be a side-hit at Queen Catherine, wife of D. Joam III. No one has succeeded in explaining the personality of Callirrhoë (St. 13), although there are several mythicals of that name. The Strophe-form in five lines must not be confounded with the old Iberian *Quintillas*.

14. *Tão crua Ninfa, nem tão fugitiva* 412
(Fair Nymph so cruel and so fain to flee).

The last of Jur.'s additions. It is written with the same rhyme-trick as Ode II. Yet Braga (Vol. II. 87) makes it a Sextine, "according to the poetic art of the XVIth century," reckoning the two hemistichs as one full line. But surely he is not justified by the Cauda or Geleite, for which see the next note.

2. *Taõ suave, taõ fresca, e taõ fermosa* 368
(So suave, so fresh, so fair ne'er yet uprose).

Prof. Storck takes this piece from the Odes, and makes it his XVIIIth Canzon (Canzons, p. 82), thereby deranging the subsequent order. His

ODE PAGE

reason apparently is (Pref. p. XI.) that it has a *Geleite* (Envoi). But in the Edit. Princeps the two last lines do not appear; and as St. 7 is hardly connected with that preceding (?), F. y S. concludes that the Ode is unfinished. I shall not attempt "tantas componere lites," contenting myself with observing that the two last verses are not a true "Envoi," but a Cauda after the fashion of Sonnet CLVII. Jur. holds that the first Stanza was imitated from Bembo (Gli A. lit. II. 1); and, by analogy with Elegy II., that the subject is an adieu when sailing for Africa. The Stanza-rhymes are a tour-de-force, and therefore a failure.

SECTION IV.—SEXTINES: INITIAL LINES AND NOTES.

SEXTINE PAGE

2. *A culpa de meu mal só tem meus olhos* 419
(The blame of all mine ills should bear mine eyes).

Apparently written in Lisbon whilst the Poet's loves were prospering.

1. *Fogeme pouco a pouco a curta vida* 417
(Little by little flies my short of Life).

F. y S. especially admires the distribution of words in the *Remate* (Envoi), the part of the Sextine in which most poets fail. He holds that No. I. may have been written at the end of the Indian service; but, as Natercia was apparently alive, Jur. places it before 1556, and Prof. Storck (p. 327) after 1553. The latter ends four of his lines in en, viz. Leben, Herzen, Augen, and Seiden, which afflicts the ear. He converts the Varia Lectio of 1616, given by Braga (Vol. II. 80) and Jur. (I. 530), into his No. II., and a second Variant (Braga, II. 82) and Jur. (I. 255) into his No. III., thus making a total of six. The double entendre of *Penna* (pen or pain) is awkward to manage in English.

3. *O triste, O tenebroso, O cruel dia!* 421
(O triste, O tenebrous, O terrible Day!)

On the death of Natercia: comp. Elegy v.

6. *Quanto tempo ter posso amor de vida* 425
(How long shall I þe lief to live my Life).

A variant of No. I. An "inedita" of Jur.